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I am the Vine

Ye are the branches

Christ and the Twelve;

OR

Scenes and Events

IN THE LIFE OF

Our Saviour and His Apostles,

As Painted by the Poets.

Edited by J. G. Holland,

Author of "Bitter Sweet," &c.

PUBLISHED BY

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1867.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is a testimony alike to the superlative greatness of Christianity and the unerring truthfulness of the art-instinct, that, since the birth of the Saviour of Men, the greatest artists have found their noblest inspirations in the sublime events and scenes that signalized the advent of the Christian religion. The Annunciation, the Virgin Mother and her Heaven-begotten Child, the early Conversation with the Doctors in the Temple, the Miracles, the Agony in the Garden, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Lord's Supper and the Ascension, have furnished the favorite subjects of the great painters, throughout all the eighteen centuries of Christian history. Sculpture has also paid its highest tributes to Christian themes; and architecture has honored our holy religion by rearing for its worship its grandest and most graceful monuments. Nor has poetry been behind its sisterhood of arts in devotion to the divine truth and beauty it has found in the character and mission of Jesus, and the heroic lives of his early followers. There is, indeed, no department of English poetry so rich and so extensive as that which is properly denominated "sacred." Within the last few years, this mine has been worked by collectors and compilers with astonishing results. Not less than twenty volumes have recently been collected, in different departments of sacred verse, that were not intended for public worship; while the hymnology of the language has been swelled by the different sects to such a catalogue that it would seem to embrace the lyrical expression of every phase of Christian doctrine and devotional feeling.

86393

The majority of these collections, both for private reading and public worship, are, however, of a devotional character. They do not so much grow out of events and scenes in the life of Christ and his chosen apostles, as they spring from human want and human aspiration and adoration. They are the offspring of Christian feeling, Christian desire, Christian worship; and they leave unfilled a department which the present volume aims to occupy.

Several years ago, Rev. Rufus W. Griswold and Rev. H. Hastings Weld, both recognized poets, and both critically familiar with the best poetry of the language, were associated in the preparation of a collection of poems, descriptive of the principal personages of the Old and New Testaments, and of the leading scenes and events of their lives. The design was very comprehensive—so comprehensive, indeed, as to render it necessary that only a single poem should be devoted to the grandest as well as the least remarkable of the events described. The volume embraced, also, a hundred pages or more of historical prose. This book, on coming into the possession of the publishers of the present volume, was adopted as the basis of a collection which should embrace only those relating to Christ and his chosen Twelve. This would materially reduce the size and cost of the book, while it would retain all the poems most interesting to the Christian reader, and give an opportunity to gather around the more important and significant of the scenes in the life of the Saviour, a larger number than the old design permitted. The finest tributes of the muse have been paid to these; and it seemed to the present editor particularly desirable that they should be grouped in such numbers and relations as would indicate their pre-eminent significance and honor their inspiring power. His work, has, therefore, been simple; and, in whatever light his readers may regard the results of his own labor, he takes the privilege of testifying to the value of the original collection, which he has endeavored to enrich. Into whatever field of sacred poetry he has entered, he has found that the original editors

had been there before him; and he has really introduced only those poems which their broad design and not their critical judgment compelled them to set aside.

The simplest scenes in the life of the humblest man, and the homeliest facts and features of nature, have their poetical aspects. The poetry of every nation abounds in pastorals, idyls, and other productions devoted to the affairs of rural life; and if these have their poetical aspects and inspirations, how much more those which relate to the sublimest facts of history, and to those more elevated truths which concern the spiritual life! It has been the habit of the Christian world to regard the great facts of Christianity and the relations of the soul to them only from a practical point of view. Christ as the practical Saviour of men from sin and its consequences; religion as a scheme of duty and of privilege, and the lives of the early disciples as its illustrations;—these have held almost an exclusive place in the mind of practical Christendom. Where Christianity is new, this is necessarily the case. This practical view is the rude and thrifty trunk of the tree whose branches are to fill the earth; but it is neither foliage nor flowers. These latter are to be apprehended by an advanced and more thoroughly spiritualized Christianity. The new love of sacred poetry which is manifested in these latter days, betrays an absolute popular advance in Christian life, and shows that the popular mind is emerging from the bare practicalities of religion, as a scheme of saving and reforming faith, into a lively apprehension of the divine beauty of the things of God and the Kingdom of His Son. We are coming to look more and more upon God as He lived in the flesh, upon the wonderful events that accompanied and proceeded from this incarnation of Divinity, and upon those holy men whom He chose as the vehicles of his mission to mankind, as the imbodiments and illustrations of a life of heavenly loveliness. They appeal to our sense of the sublime, of the wonderful, of the divinely harmonious, of the beautiful; and we turn with instinctive delight to the words of those poetic souls that with quicker vision and subtler spirituality have been

before us into this rarer realm, as prophets and revelators. They see into the heart of glories whose robes of purple and pearl are only faintly perceived by us; they weave into golden fabrics the scattered filaments of our own emotions and apprehensions; they pave with precious stones a path for our clumsy feet to tread, as they climb the mount of vision; they pluck fruit from the heavenly hills with which to feed our starving imaginations. To Experience, weary and sore-footed in the straight path of duty, or among the labyrinths of truth and error, Song brings wings that bear it to fields of exhilaration or repose.

To those who have arrived at the point where the poetical aspect of religion and of those characters and events which were associated with its birth and infancy, is alike a want and a satisfaction, is this volume presented. The songs of the best Christian singers are here. Milton, Keble, Bowring, Milman, Croly, Montgomery, Heber, Cowper and Bonar, with a host of lesser poets, equal in piety, perhaps, though inferior in power, contribute their separate rills to feed the tide of song which celebrates the greatest events of human history, and honors the divinest personages and characters the world has known. Though distinctly descriptive in their character, many of these poems, in expression and influence, are devotional. No attempt has been made to curtail any of the poems because they have in many instances slid from description into adoration, or risen from contemplation into ecstacy, or stated a fact for the purpose of instruction. The editor has not been restrained by a rigid design in the particulars of the book, content that the collection, as a whole, contains the best poems of the language that could be found to fill the design; and he confidently commends the book to the patronage of the Christian public.

J. G. H.

Index.

VISION FROM "THE DRAMA OF EXILE"..E. B. Browning.... 13
HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.....H. H. Milman 15
THE ANNUNCIATION.....Mrs. Hemans..... 18
BETHLEHEM.....Horatius Bonar... 20
THE BIRTH-SONG OF CHRIST.....E. H. Sears 21
CHRISTMAS HYMN.....Alfred Dommett.. 23
CHRISTMAS.....Robert Lowell.... 25
THE NATIVITY.....Thomas Campbell.. 26
THE NATIVITY.....John Milton..... 28
THE HOLY FAMILY.....Thomas Dale..... 38
THE CIRCUMCISION.....John Milton..... 41
THE OFFERING OF THE MAGI.....Miss Landon..... 43
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.....Thomas Dale..... 45
IN THE TEMPLE.....Reginald Heber... 48
CHRIST EXPOUNDING THE LAW.....Thomas Dale..... 49
A VOICE FROM THE DESERT.....Wm. Drummond.... 51
THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.....N. P. Willis..... 52
THE VICTORY IN THE WILDERNESS.....John Milton.. 55
THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.....S. G. Bulfinch..... 58
CHRIST BY THE WELL OF SYCHAR.....Geo. W. Bethune.. 60
THE LEPER.....N. P. Willis 62
THE GOOD CENTURION.....John Keble..... 68
THE WIDOW OF NAIN.....N. P. Willis..... 72
MISSION OF JOHN'S DISCIPLES.....John Keble..... 76
MARY MAGDALEN.....Miss Landon..... 80
CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.....Mrs. Hemans..... 84
HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.N. P. Willis..... 86

BLIND BARTIMEUS.....H. W. Longfellow. 91
DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.....Frances S. Osgood. 93
BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS.....L. H. Sigourney.... 102
THE BOY WITH THE FIVE LOAVES.....Lyra Innocentium.. 105
WALKING ON THE SEA.....Nath'l Hawthorne. 108
THE DEAF AND DUMB.....John Keble..... 110
THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.....Henry W. Herbert. 113
THE TEN LEPERS.....John Keble..... 117
LAZARUS AND MARY.....N. P. Willis..... 120
CHRIST ON TABOR.....From the German.. 127
TEACHING HUMILITY.....John Keble..... 129
ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.....N. P. Willis..... 132
WEEPING OVER THE CITY.....John Keble..... 135
THE TRIUMPH.....George Croly..... 138
TEACHING THE PEOPLE.....John Bowring..... 140
THE LAST SUPPER.....L. H. Sigourney... 141
THE LAST HYMN.....John Pierpont..... 144
SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.....N. P. Willis..... 146
GETHSEMANE.....Ray Palmer..... 148
THE AGONY.....Anonymous..... 150
DEFECTION OF THE DISCIPLES.....L. H. Sigourney... 152
THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.....L. E. Landon..... 154
THE CROWN OF THORNS.....L. E. Landon..... 156
THE HIGHWAY TO CALVARIE.....Samuel Rowlands. 159
VIA DOLOROSA.....Ray Palmer..... 166
"WEEP NOT FOR ME".....Dr. Maginn..... 168
BEARING THE CROSS.....Mrs. Hemans..... 171
THE PASSION OF CHRIST.....Francis Davidson.. 173
THE WINE AND MYRRH.....John Keble..... 175
THE CRUCIFIXION.....Lyra Catholica... 178
IT IS FINISHED.....Horatius Bonar... 180
IT IS FINISHED.....Bernard Barton... 181
JESUS, OUR LOVE, IS CRUCIFIED.....Faber..... 184
"HE SAVED OTHERS".....John Keble..... 185
HYMN TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.....St. Bernard..... 187
WHO IS HE?.....H. H. Milman 190
HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT.....Horatius Bonar... 192

MARY AT THE CROSS.....Stabat Matre..... 195
THE PASSION.....George Croly..... 198
THE STAR OF CALVARY.....Hawthorne 203
THE BURIAL.....John Keble..... 206
THE DIRGE.....John Milton..... 208
THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM.....Mrs. Hemans..... 211
MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.....I. Hunkinson..... 213
THE LOVE OF MARY.....Thomas Dale..... 215
THE RESURRECTION.....Mitchell 217
HE IS RISEN.....Horatius Bonar... 220
THE WALK TO EMMAUS.....Thomas Raffles... 223
MEETING OF THE DISCIPLES.....Williams 226
INCREDULITY OF THOMAS.....L. E. Landon..... 227
THE FISHERMEN OF TIBERIAS.....Henry B. Hirst.... 231
LOVEST THOU ME?.....Jas. Montgomery... 234
THE RESURRECTION.....John Keble..... 235
THE CLOUDS.....Wm. Croswell..... 238
THE ASCENSION.....Wm. Drummond.... 240
ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.....Egerton Brydges.. 244
THE DEAD PAN.....E. B. Browning.... 246
THE PENTECOST.....John Keble..... 250
CHARACTERS OF THE DISCIPLES.....Roscoe's Klopstock 254
OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYERS.....Jas. Montgomery.. 270
JERUSALEM.....Viango Monti..... 274
RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.....George Croly..... 280
THE SAVIOUR'S SECOND COMING.....H. H. Milman 283
A LITANY.....Robert Grant..... 285
PALESTINE.....J. G. Whittier..... 287
THE FIRST AND SECOND COMING.....Reginald Heber... 290
THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.....C. H. Johnson..... 294
THE WAY OF LIFE.....J. R. Lowell..... 305
THE TRUE BROTHERLY LOVE.....John Keble..... 306
INFANT ST. JOHN.....H. F. Gould..... 309
NATHANAEL.....John Keble..... 311
JACOB'S WELL.....J. F. Clarke..... 315
THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.....C. East..... 317
THE POOL OF BETHESDA.....Bernard Barton... 319

BETHESDA.....Bernard Barton... 322
CHRIST IN THE STORM.....R. Brown..... 324
LITTLE CHILDREN BLESSED.....C. Huntingdon..... 327
THE RULER'S FAITH.....L. H. Sigourney... 330
THE TRANSFIGURATION.....John Norris..... 333
THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.....John H. Bryant.... 335
RAISING OF LAZARUS.....Anonymous..... 337
ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.....Anonymous..... 340
THE WIDOW'S MITE.....L. E. Landon..... 342
WHO GAZES FROM OLIVET.....W. B. Tappan..... 344
MARY'S MEMORIAL.....Felicia Hemans.... 346
BLESSING THE BREAD.....Thomas Dale..... 347
INVOCATION.....Robert Herrick... 349
THE PEACE OF GOD.....W. G. Clarke..... 351
THE PRAYER OF JESUS.....W. B. Tappan..... 354
SLEEPING FOR SORROW.....J. K. Mitchell..... 356
CHRIST'S LOOK TO PETER.....E. B. Barrett..... 359
THE SABBATH EVENING WALK.....William Cowper... 361
CHRIST APPEARING TO HIS DISCIPLES..John Keble..... 363
UNBELIEVING THOMAS.....Thomas Dale..... 365
DIVINE LOVE.....John Bowring..... 367
CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.....Geo. Gascoigne 370
THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.....Francis Davidson.. 372
HYMN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.....George Landys.... 374
LOVEST THOU ME?.....Julian Cramer..... 375
THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.....Reginald Heber... 377
THE LAST COMMAND.....Anonymous..... 379
WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?.....John Keble..... 381
THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.....Anonymous..... 383
THE GIFT OF TONGUES.....Charles Jenner.... 385
THE CALL OF THE GENTILES.....Spencer Madan.... 393
THE THREE TABERNACLES.....Herbert Knowles.. 397
THE LAME MAN HEALED.....S. D. Patterson.... 400
CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.....Samuel Hayes..... 404
THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.....Wm. Croswell..... 407
THE DENIAL.....B. Muenta..... 408
ST. PETER.....Richard Crashaw.. 409

ST. PAUL.. ..... Roscoe..... 410
CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL..... John Keble..... 411
TEACHING OF ST. PAUL..... John Lettice..... 415
THE GOSPEL TRIAD..... George Burgess.... 419
PURE RELIGION..... Carlos Wilcox.... 421
ST. PETER'S RELEASE..... John Keble..... 424
PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA..... Charles Hoyle.... 428
PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILLIPPI..... John Pierpont..... 434
PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS..... Ann C. Lynch..... 436
PAUL PREACHING THE RESURRECTION.. William Bolland.. 439
PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA..... L. H. Sigourney... 442
MIRACLES ..... William Bolland.. 444
CHRISTIAN WARFARE..... C. Elizabeth..... 446
THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED..... Henry Alford..... 448
THE GOSPEL OF PEACE..... John Bowring..... 451
CHARITY..... William Peter..... 453
THE POOR..... J. G. Percival..... 455
PEACE IN BELIEVING..... H. F. Gould..... 457
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD..... H. W. Longfellow. 460
OF MANY MARTYRS..... Breviary..... 462
ST. ANDREW AND HIS CROSS..... John Keble..... 464
FISHERS OF MEN..... A. A. Proctor..... 467
BATHING..... Lyra Innocentium.. 469
THE SONS OF ZEBEDEE..... Mant 472
RELICS AND MEMORIALS..... John Keble..... 473
JUDAS..... Giles Fletcher.... 475
THE MISSION OF THE WORD..... W. L. Bowles..... 477
THE CHARMER..... H. B. Stowe..... 478
CHRIST UNCHANGING..... 480
I SHALL BE SATISFIED..... 481
BETHLEHEM AND GOLGOTHA..... Ruckert..... 483
WHO COMETH FROM EDOM..... John Norris... ... 487
THE SISTER OF LAZARUS..... S. D Patterson.. 491
THE LEGEND OF MARY MAGDALEN..... C. Donald McLord 493
THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA..... Thomas G Spear.. 496
THE BETTER LAND..... F. Hemans..... 499

List of Illustrations.

I AM THE VINE, YE ARE THE BRANCHES.
THE HOLY FAMILY.
JESUS STILLING THE TEMPEST.
CHRIST HEALING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.
CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.
CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

A Vision from the "Drama of Exile."

CHRIST.

THEN in the noon of time, shall one from heaven,
An angel fresh from looking upon God,
Descend before a woman, blessing her
With perfect benediction of pure love,
For all the world in all its elements;
For all the creatures of earth, air, and sea;
For all men in the body and in the soul,
Unto all ends of glory and sanctity.

EVE.

O pale pathetic Christ—I worship thee!
I thank thee for that woman!

CHRIST.

For, at last,
I, wrapping round me your humanity,
Which, being sustained, shall neither break nor burn
Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread earth
And ransom you and it, and set strong peace
Betwixt you and his creatures. With my pangs

I will confront your sins. And since your sins
Have sunken to all nature's heart from yours,
The tears of my clean soul shall follow them,
And set a holy passion to work clear
Absolute consecration. In my brow
Of kingly whiteness shall be crowned anew
Your discrowned human nature. Look on me!
As I shall be uplifted on a cross
In darkness of eclipse, and anguish dread,
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands—
Not into dark but light—not unto death
But life—beyond the reach of guilt and grief—
The whole creation. Henceforth in my name
Take courage, O thou woman,—man, take hope!
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward
Beneath the steps of your prospective thoughts;
And one step past them, a new Eden gate
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,
And let you through to mercy.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

CHRIST AND THE TWELVE.

Hymn to the Saviour.

Oh! Thou didst die for me, thou Son of God!
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healedst brought thee no relief,
The eyes thou openedst calmly view'd thy fate;
Thou that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue can not tell,
No Heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragged thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendor sate;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify him!" yelled the general shout;
No hand to guard thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lips to bless thee in that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose feet the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave t' enhance thy unslaked, burning thirst;

Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bow'd thy head convulsed, and droop'd in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, whose vail-less blaze
Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;
The sealed stone confirmed thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walked thy desert burial ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity enclose our circle round.

For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain,
And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame;
Thou, that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

SCENES

IN

THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR.

The Annunciation.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." LUKE i, 28.

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified!
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side,
Kindling the air, a form etherial shone,
Solemn, yet breathing gladness.—From her throne
A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
A stately prophetess of victory
From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,
For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,
Chosen of Heaven! that hour:—but thou, O thou!
E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught
Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,

And take to thy meek breast th' all-holy word,
And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*
Yet as a sun-burst flushing mountain snow,
  Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long
On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
  And thy calm spirit lighten'd into song.
  Unconsciously, perchance, yet free and strong
Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful words,
  Which living harps the choirs of heaven among
Might well have link'd with their divinest chords.
Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,
Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,
  No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh;
While thine, O childlike virgin! through all time
Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
Being of God, and therefore not to die.

Felicia D. Hemans.

Bethlehem.

They speak to me of princely Tyre,
That old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon's daughter of the North;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Rome and Babylon,—
What can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,
Old Mizraim's diadem,
The city of the sand-girt Nile;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,
Her hill of Mars, her Academe;
Haunts of old wisdom and fair art;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,
Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem,
Whence Jacob's star first shone;—of thee
I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!

Horatius Bonar.

The Birth-Song of Christ.

Calm on the listening ear of night
  Come Heaven's melodius strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
  O'er silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
  Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
  Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
  Send back the glad reply;
And greet from all their holy heights
  The Day-Spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
  There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
  Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
  Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
  From Heaven's eternal King."

Light on thy hills Jerusalem:
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

A Christmas Hymn.

It was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was queen of land and sea;
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
    In the solemn midnight,
    Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
  The Senator of Haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
  From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befel
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight,
    Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,
  Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
  Fallen through a half-shut stable-door

Across his path. He passed; for naught
Told what was going on within.
How keen the stars! his only thought:
The air, how cold, and calm, and thin!
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Alfred Dommett.

Christmas.

Carol Christians! Christ is here!
Carol for this baby dear!
This is man, but God, the more;
Sing beside the stable door!

This, our King without a crown,
In a manger is laid down,
When the maid with meekest hands,
Wrapped him all in swathing bands.

Ages long ago He came,
Lived and died, yet is the same:
He who slain ere things were made
In this stall a babe is laid!

Sing good Christians! Come and sing!
Praise our Christ, and praise our King!
Gladdest night! Most happy morn!
Christ our Lord this day is born!

Sing our best, both young and old!
Never heart this time be cold!
Never eye of love be dim!
Who love others, they love him.

Robert Lowell.

The Nativity.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant halleluiahs stole,
Wild murm'ring on the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came.
High heaven with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps and sung:—

O, Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair!

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Day-Star gilds the gloom,
Again the flowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye!
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

Campbell.

The Nativity.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
  And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies:
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow.
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She crown'd with olive green, came swiftly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving with her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,

And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until the Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
  The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below,
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet,
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helmed cherubim
The sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our humble ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heav'n's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt with earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through the deep

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbreak;
The aged earth, aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake:
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day,
Th' old Dragon underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,
From haunted spring and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammus mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread,
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
  Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
  Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heav'n's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harnest angels sit in order serviceable.

John Milton.

The Holy Family.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger.—Luke ii, 15, 16.

When from thy beaming throne,
O High and Holy One!
Thou cam'st to dwell with those of mortal birth;
No ray of living light
Flashed on th' astonished sight,
To show the Godhead walked his subject earth:

Thine was no awful form,
Shrouded in mist and storm,
Of Seraph, walking on the viewless wind;
Nor didst thou deign to wear,
The port, sublimely fair,
Of Angel-heralds, sent to bless mankind.

Made like the sons of clay,
Thy matchless glories lay
In form of feeble infancy concealed;

No pomp of outward sign
Proclaimed the Power Divine;
No earthly state the heavenly guest revealed.

Thou didst not choose thy home
Beneath a lordly dome;
No regal diadem wreathed thy baby brow,
Nor on a soft couch laid,
Nor in rich vest arrayed,
But with the poorest of the poor wert Thou!

Yet she whose gentle breast
Was thy glad place of rest;—
In her the blood of royal David flowed:
Men passed her dwelling by
With proud and scornful eye;
But Angels knew and loved her mean abode.

There softer strains she heard
Than song of evening bird,
Or tuneful minstrels in a queenly bower;
And o'er her dwelling lone
A brighter radiance shone
Than ever glitter'd from a Monarch's tower.

For there the Mystic star
That sages led from far,
To pour their treasures at her Infant's feet,

Still shed its golden light;—
There, through the calm, clear night,
We heard Angelic Voices, strangely sweet.

O happiest thou of all
Who bear the deadly thrall
Which, for *one* mother's crime, to all was given:—
Her first of mortal birth
Brought Death to reign on earth,
But THINE brings Light and Life again from heaven!

Happiest of Virgins thou,
On whose unruffled brow
Blends maiden meekness with a mother's love!
Blest is thy Heavenly Son,
Blest is the Holy One,
Whom man knows not below, though Angels Hymn'd above!

Thomas Dale.

The Circumcision.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcision of the child, his name was called Jesus, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived.—Luke ii, 21.

Ye flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
  Sore doth begin
    His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just!
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;

And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

John Milton.

The Offering of the Magi.

Behold! there come wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

Far in the desert East it shone,
A guiding-star, and only one;
The other planets left the sky,
Trembling as if rebuked on high.
The moon forsook her silvery height,
Abash'd before that holier light:
The storm-clouds that on ether lay
Melted before its glorious ray;
Till half the heaven shone pure and clear,
Like some diviner atmosphere
Than ours, where heavy vapors rise
From the vile earth, to dim the skies;
Meet herald of that promised day,
When souls shall burst the bond of clay,
And, purified from earth-stains, come,
Radiant to its eternal home.
On roll'd the star, nor paused to shed
Its glory o'er the mountain's head,
Whereon the morning's sunshine fell,
Where eve's last crimson loved to dwell,
The gilded roof, the stately fane.

The garden, nor the corn-hid plain,
The camp, where red watch-fires were keeping
Guard o'er a thousand soldiers sleeping.
But temple, palace, city past,
That star paused in the sky at last.
It paused where, roused from slumbers mild,
Lay 'mid the kine a new-born child.

Are there no clarions upon earth,
To tell mankind their monarch's birth?
Are there no banners to unfold,
Heavy with purple and with gold?
Are there no flowers to strew the ground,
Nor arches with the palm-branch bound?
Nor fires to kindle on the hill?
No! man is mute—the world is still.
Ill would all earthly pomp agree
With this hour's mild solemnity;
The tidings which that infant brings,
Are not for conquerors nor for kings;
Nor for the sceptre, nor the brand,
For crowned head, nor red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful, and weak:
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing,
"All glory to our new-born King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God! Amen."

L. E. Landon.

The Flight into Egypt.

And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt."—St. Matthew ii. 13.

'Tis noon—the sun is in the sky;
And from his broad and burning ray
To groves and glens the shepherds fly
Where welcome shade excludes the day.
Or rest, where sparkling waters play
Like fairy streams of liquid gold—
Such as mysterious legends say,
Around the Fire-King's palace rolled

Behold yon scattered group recline
Beneath a tall oak's ample shade,
A form of manly port benign,
And one, who seems a loveliest maid,
Save that within her arms is laid,
An Infant like his mother fair;
Though never earthborn babe displayed
Such beauties, as are blended there.

No tints of healthful crimson glow
In that fair Infant's polished cheek;
Paler his brow than mountain snow,
His dove-like eyes serenely meek.
No smiles around his lips bespeak
The joy of heart to childhood given:
But vain, O vain it were to seek
For charms of earth in Child of Heaven!

For this is He, the Mystic Child!
Yea, this the Virgin's promised Son!
Behold the mother undefiled!
Behold her babe—the Holy One!
And do they wander forth alone,
By Israel slighted or forgot;
And, when the Highest seeks "his own,"
Do even "his own" receive him not?

Yes!—from a despot's fell decree,
To seek a foreign home they fly;
And, EGYPT, once again in thee
Shall dwell the Holy Family,
Where erst in bitter slavery
Sad Israel mourned his joyless doom;
There shall he now his Light descry;
Thence shall his God, his Glory come!

O happy mother!—happiest far
Of all who felt a mother's throes!—
What though no more the mystic star
Above thy path through darkness glows,
When gazing on the calm repose
Of Him, thy cherished Babe divine;
The bliss earth's fondest mother knows,
O can it give a thought of thine?

Thomas Dale.

In the Temple.

Abashed be all the boast of age!
  Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
  Behold an infant come!

O wisdom, whose unfading power
  Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame in nature's earliest hour
  The land, the sky, the flood;—

Yet didst thou not disdain a while
  An infant's form to wear;
To bless thy mother with a smile,
  And lisp thy faltered prayer.

But in thy Father's own abode,
  With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
  Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore thy name!
  And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
  Of early holiness!

Bishop Heber.

Christ Expounding the Law.

"And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."—LUKE ii. 47.

THE Voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words, "Let there be light!"
And light was kindled as th' Eternal spake;
While Hosts Seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed Heaven, Earth, Sun, Sea, and crowned the work with MAN.

The Voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit wrapped in midnight gloom;
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flashed devouring flame;
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
"Veil, Lord, thy terrors; cease thy thunders, or we die!"

The Voice of God was mighty, when alone
Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast
Rent the huge mountains as JEHOVAH passed,
And the Earth quaked beneath the Holy One;
When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning glare—
And but the "still small voice" was heard—yet GOD was there,

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
The Voice of God was mighty, as it came
From the red mountain, or the car of flame:—
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form;
When Jesus came to work his Father's will,
His was the voice of God—and it was mighty still.

He chid the billows—and the heaving sea
Lay hushed—the warring winds obeyed his word,—
The conscious demons knew and owned their Lord,
And at his bidding set the captive free.—
But is not Hatred strong as wave or wind,
And are the Hosts of Hell more stubborn than mankind?

These, too, he vanquished. When the Holy Law
From his pure lips like mountain honey flowed:
Still, as he spake, the haughty heart was bowed,
Passion was calmed, and Malice crouched in awe—
The Scribe, perversely blind, began to see,
And mute conviction held the humbled Pharisee.

"Man never spake like this man," was their cry,—
And yet he spake, and yet they heard in vain:
E'en as their Sires to idols turned again
When Sinai's thunders shook no more the sky—
So these went back to bend at Mammon's shrine,
And heard that Voice no more, yet felt it was Divine!

Thomas Dale.

A Voice from the Desert.

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill:
"The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way!"
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfill,
And o'er the dark world pours the splendor of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven;
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even;
For, Sion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh!

The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

William Drummond.

The Baptism of Christ.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and praying, lo! he saw the heavens open unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, in a bodily shape like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo! there came a voice from heaven saying, "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."—MATTHEW iii. 13 et seq.; MARK i. 9, 11; LUKE iii. 21—23.

It was a green spot in the wilderness,
Touch'd by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropp'd its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank, nor on the grass
Of the broad circle, stretching evenly
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.
Hither had come th' Apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush
Of eve, and, with a multitude around,
Who from the cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast-high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,

A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat
The locust and wild honey of the wood—
But like the face of Moses on the mount
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye
Burn'd the mild fire of love—and as he spoke
The ear lean'd to him, and persuasion swift
To the chain'd spirit of the listener stole.

Silent upon the green and sloping bank
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook
With the birds dropping early to their nests,
And the gray eve came on, within their hearts
They mused if he were Christ. The rippling stream
Still turned its silver courses from his breast,
As he divined their thought. "I but baptise,"
He said, "with water; but there cometh One,
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
E'en to unloose. He will baptise with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while yet
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes
And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid
His raiment off, and with his loins alone
Girt with a mantle, and his perfect limbs,
In their angelic slightness, meek and bare,
He waited to go in. But John forbade,
And hurried to his feet and stay'd him there,
And said, "Nay, Master, I have need of *thine*,
Not thou of *mine!*" And Jesus, with a smile
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,

And answer'd, "Suffer it to be so now;
For thus it doth become me to fulfill
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,
He took around him the Apostle's arm,
And drew him gently to the midst. The wood
Was thick with the dim twilight as they came
Up from the water. With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast, th' Apostle silently
Follow'd his Master's steps—when lo! a light,
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim blue ether like a vail;
And as a voice, fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, "THIS IS MY MUCH-LOVED SON,
IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED," a snow-white dove,
Floating upon its wings, descended through;
And shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled, and flutter'd to the Saviour's breast.

N. P. Willis.

The Victory n the Wilderness.

Then saith Jesus unto him, "Get thee hence, Satan . for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."—St. Matthew, iv. 10.

So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him soft,
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
Then in a flowery valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food divine,
Ambrosial fruits fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,
That soon refreshed him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic choirs
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.
True image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, inshrined
In fleshy tabernacle, and human form,

Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued,
Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt! his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour hast come down to re-install
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter, and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
Or light'ning thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under his feet, for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God, he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,

And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, Heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Milton.

The Marriage of Cana.

They stand amid their earnest friends, joyful yet awed and still,
As priestly hands the rite of old by God ordained fulfill;
The few and simple words they breathe, though scarce they meet the ear,
Pledge heart to heart, and life to life, through many a coming year.

As meet their hands with tender grasp, each heart renounces there
Whatever thought of earthly bliss the other may not share.
Henceforth together do they pass, in joy and sorrow one,
Nor that mysterious union ends, till life itself be done.

And now with blushes and with smiles, the young bride meets her friends;
With voice of trembling earnestness, a father o'er her bends,
A sister's tear is on her cheek, a mother's heart o'erflows,
As hope and fear their visions to her anxious eyes disclose.

That trusting one, whose deepest love is yielded to his claim,
Who now, by smiling friends addressed, first hears her matron name!

To her he vows himself anew, before that secret shrine
Where Conscience to the heart reveals the majesty divine.

Blest Saviour! though no bridal wreath entwine thy awful
brow,
Not void of sympathy for aught of blameless joy wast thou.
And walking in thy Gospel's light, thy true disciples prove
The purity of wedded bliss the holiness of love.

S. G. Bulfinch.

Christ by the Well of Sychar.

Jesus saith unto her, "Give me to drink."—John iv. 7.

Upon the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon, the Saviour sate,
Athirst and hungry from the way
His feet had trod since early day.
The twelve had gone to seek for food,
And left him in his solitude.

They come—and spread before him there,
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,
And gently bid him, "Master, eat!"
But God had sent him better meat,
And there is on his lowly brow
Nor weariness nor faintness now;

For while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace,
And when he set that sinner free
From bonds of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy faith grows faint
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God, that thou mayst peace impart
Unto some other human heart;
And thou thy Master's joy shall share,
E'en while his cross thy shoulders bear.

George W. Bethune, D. D.

The Leper.

And he put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, "I will; be thou clean." And immediately the leprosy departed from him.—Luke v. 13.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came,
The cry pass'd on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase
The deathlike images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,

And with a difficult utterance like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"
'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benison—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seem'd struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steep'd in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slacken'd with his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.

Day after day, he lay as if in sleep,
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepen'd beneath the hard unmoisten'd scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
—And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burn'd with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swell'd through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bow'd down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lid
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with his chastening rod;
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink;

And pass thou not between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name

Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd
The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approach'd, and, with no strength to flee
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;

No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear,—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched too in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature model'd with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touch'd with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and His curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
He look'd on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipp'd him.

N. P. Willis.

The Good Centurion.

"Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel.—St Matthew viii. 10.

I mark'd a rainbow in the north,
What time the wild autumnal sun
From his dark veil at noon look'd forth,
As glorying in his course half don
Flinging soft radiance far and wide
Over the dusky heaven and bleak hill-side.

It was a gleam to Memory dear,
And as I walk and muse apart,
When all seems faithless round and drear,
I would revive it in my heart,
And watch how light can find its way
To regions farthest from the fount of day.

Light flashes in the gloomiest sky
And music in the dullest plain,
For there the lark is soaring high
Over her flat and leafless reign,
And chanting in so blithe a tone,
It shames the weary heart to feel itself alone.

Brighter than rainbow in the north,
More cheery than the matin lark,
Is the soft gleam of Christian worth,
Which on some holy house we mark,
Dear to the pastor's aching heart
To think, where'er he looks, such gleam may have a part;

May dwell unseen by all but Heaven,
Like diamond blazing in the mine;
For ever, where such grace is given,
It fears in open day to shine,
Lest the deep stain it owns within
Break out, and Faith be shamed by the believer's sin.

In silence and afar they wait,
To find a prayer their Lord may hear:
Voice of the poor and desolate,
You best may bring it to his ear.
Your grateful intercessions rise
With more than royal pomp, and pierce the skies.

Happy the soul, whose precious cause
You in the sovereign presence plead—
"This is the lover of thy laws,
The friend of thine in fear and need"
For to the poor thy mercy lends
That solemn style, "thy nation and thy friends."

He is too blest, whose outward eye
The graceful lines of art may trace,
While his free spirit, soaring high,
Discerns the glorious from the base;
Till out of dust his magic raise
A home for prayer and love, and full harmonious praise.

Where far away and high above,
In maze on maze the tranced sight
Strays, mindful of that heavenly love
Which knows no end in depth or height,
While the strong breath of Music seems
To waft us ever on, soaring in blissful dreams.

What though in poor and humble guise
Thou here didst sojourn, cottage-born?
Yet from thy glory in the skies
Our earthly gold Thou dost not scorn,
For Love delights to bring her best,
And where Love is, that offering evermore is blest.

Love on the Saviour's dying head
Her spikenard drops unblamed may pour,
May mount his cross, and wrap him, dead,
In spices from the golden shore;
Risen, may embalm his sacred name
With all a Painter's art, and all a Minstrel's flame.

Worthless and lost our offerings seem,
Drops in the ocean of his praise;
But Mercy with her genial beam
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,
To sparkle in his crown above,
Who welcomes here a child's as there an angel's love.

John Keble.

The Widow of Nain.

And he said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak.—Luke, vii, 15

The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd, and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon;
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet,
Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets along whose paved way

The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun,
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.
  Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay,
Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Ta'bor's side

To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze;
Genesareth stood cool upon the east,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveler might bide till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turn'd he not aside, but, gazing on,
From every swelling mount he saw afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand; and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not," he said; and as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast

Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

N. P. Willis.

Mission of John's Disciples.

"What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?"—LUKE, vii, 24.

WHAT went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lee,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm?

All through the summer night,
Those blossoms red and bright*
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,
Like hermits watching still
Around the sacred hill,
Where erst our Saviour watched upon his knees.

The Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone:

* Rhododendrons: with which the western bank of the lake is said to be clothed down to the water's edge.

Below, the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in the embrace
Of mountains terraced high with mossy stone.

Here may we sit and dream
Over the heavenly theme,
Till to our soul the former days return;
Till on the grassy bed,*
Where thousands once He fed,
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

O cross no more the main,
Wandering so wild and vain,
To count the reeds that tremble in the wind,
On listless dalliance bound,
Like children gazing round,
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead find:

Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sunbright hall of power,
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land;
From robes of Tyrian dye
Turn with undazzled eye
To Bethlehem's glade, or Carmel's haunted strand.

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die;

*"Now there was much grass in this place."—St. John vi. 10.

Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the moon that saw thy Master's agony.*

Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way,
Where rested once the Temple's stately shade,
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To th' other holy garden, where the Lord was laid.†

Who thus alternate see
His death and victory,
Rising and falling as on angel wings,
They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer home,
Their heart untravel'd still adores the King of kings.

Or, if at home they stay,
Yet are they, day by day,
In spirit journeying through the glorious land,
Not for light Fancy's reed,
Nor Honor's purple meed,
Nor gifted Prophet's lore, nor Science' wondrous wand.

*The passover, when our Saviour suffered, was always at the full moon.

†It is worthy of notice, that gardens have been the scenes of the three most stupendous events that have occurred on earth—the temptation and fall of man, the agony of the Son of God, and his resurrection from the grave.

But more than Prophet, more
Than Angels can adore
With face unveil'd, is He they go to seek.
Blessed be God, whose grace
Shows him in every place
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and meek.

Mary Magdalen.

And He said to the woman, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."—Luke vii. 50.

The plaining murmur of the midnight wind,
Like mournful music is upon the air:
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill'd with tears,
Without a cause—ah! no, the heart is heap'd
So full with perish'd pleasures, vain regrets,
That nature can not sound one grieving note
Upon her forest lyre, but still it finds
Mute echo in the sorrowing human heart.
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,
About to fall, over the faded flowers,
Over all summer's lovely memories,
About to die; the year has yet in store
A few dim hours, but they are dark and cold;
Sunshine, green leaves, glad flowers, they all are gone;
And it has only left the worn-out soil,
The leafless bough, and the o'er-clouded sky.
And shall humanity not sympathize
With desolation like its own?
So do our early dreams fade unfulfill'd;
So does our hope turn into memory—
The one so glad—the other such despair,

(For who can find a comfort in the past?)
So do our feelings harden, or decay,
Encrusting with hard selfishness too late,
Or bearing that deep wound, whereof we die.
Where are the buoyant spirits of our youth?
Where are the dancing steps, that but kept time
To our own inward gladness—where the light
That flush'd the check into one joyous rose:
That lit the lips, and fill'd the eyes with smiles?—
Gone, gone as utterly, as singing birds,
And opening flowers, and honey-laden bees,
And shining leaves, are from yon forest gone.
I know this from myself—the words I speak
Were written first with tears on mine own heart;
And yet, albeit, it was a lovely time!
Who would recall their youth, and be again
The dreaming—the believing—the betray'd?
The feverishness of hope, the agony,
As every disappointment taught a truth—
For still is knowledge bought by wretchedness—
Who could find energy to bear again?
Ye clear bright stars, that from the face of heaven
Shine out in tranquil loveliness, how oft
Have ye been witness to my passionate tears!
Although beloved, and beautiful, and young;
Yet happiness was not with my unrest.
For I had pleasure, not content; each wish
Seem'd granted, only to be weariness.
No hope fulfill'd its promise; and no dream
Was ever worth its waking bitterness.

Then there was love, that crowding into one
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse:
Till we loathe life, glad, beauteous, hoping life,
And would be fain to lay our burden down,
Although we might but lay it in the grave,
All natural terror lost in hope of peace.
God of those stars, to which I once appeal'd
In a vain fantasy of sympathy,
How wretched I have been in my few years!
How have I wept throughout the sleepless nights,
Then sank in heavy slumber, misery still
Haunting its visions: morning's cold gray light
Waked me reluctant, for though sleep had been
Anguish, yet I could say it was but sleep.
And then day came, with all those vanities
With which our nature mocks its wretchedness,
The toilsome pleasures, and the dull pursuits;
Efforts to fly ourselves, and made in vain.
Too soon I learnt the secret of our life,
That "vanity of vanities" is writ
Deep in the hidden soul of human things;
And then I sank into despondency,
And lived from habit, not from hope; and fear
Stood between me and death, and only fear;
I was a castaway: for, like the fool,
Within my soul I said there is no God.
But then a mighty and a glorious voice
Was speaking on the earth—thus said the Lord,
"Now come to me, ye that are heavy laden,

And I will give you rest"—and, lo, I came
Sorrowing,—and the broken contrite heart,
Lord, thou didst not despise. Now let me weep
Tears, and my dying Saviour's precious blood
Will wash away my sin. Now let me pray
In thankfulness that time is given for prayer;
In hope that, offer'd in my Saviour's name,
I may find favor in the sight of God.
Where is my former weariness of life?
Where is my former terror of the grave?
Out of my penitence there has grown hope;
I trust, and raise my suppliant eyes to heaven;
And, when my soul desponds, I meekly say,
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Miss Landon.

Christ Stilling the Tempest.

And they being afraid, wondered, saying one to another, "What manner of man is this! for he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him." —Luke viii. 25.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed:

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
  And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power,
  O'er our dark souls to brood!

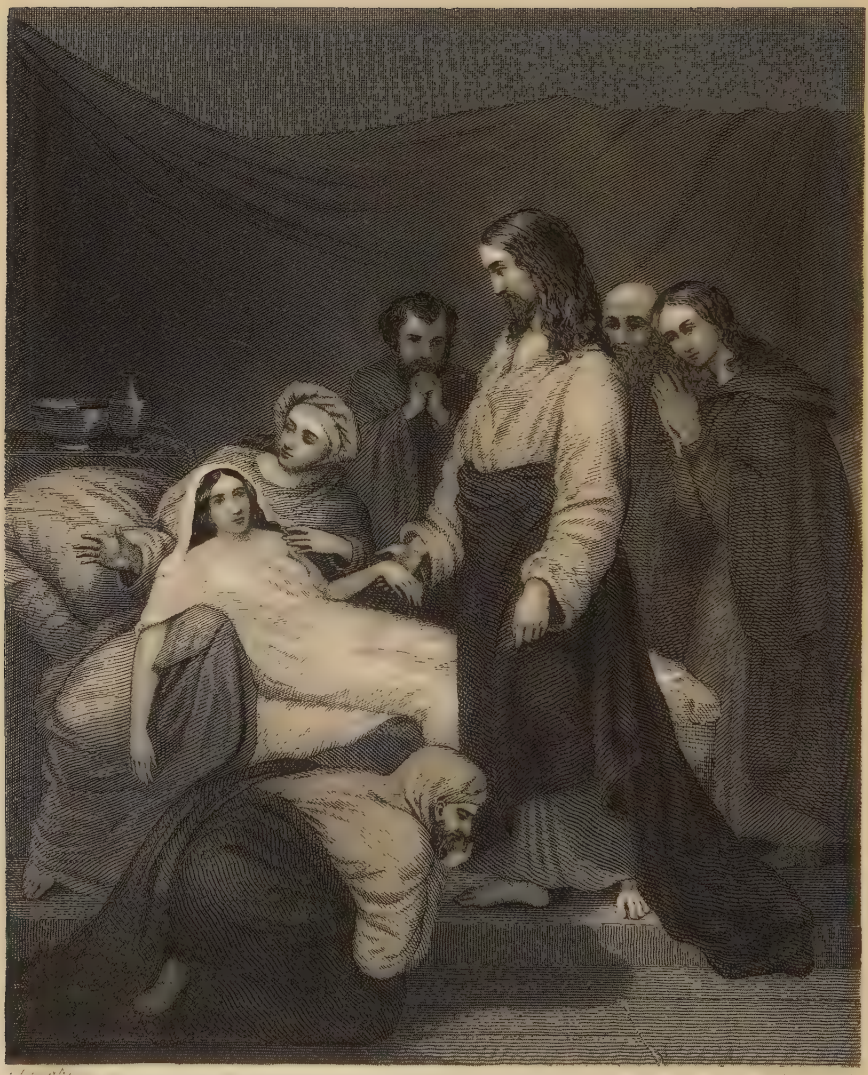
Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
  Thy mandates to fulfill,
Speak, speak, to passion's raging tide,
  Speak and say—"Peace, be still!"

Mrs. Hemans.

Healing of the Daughter of Jairus.

Behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshiped him, saying, "My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live.—St Matthew ix. 18.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—
Her thin, pale fingers clasp'd within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirr'd with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kiss'd it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;



And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure—and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils—and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse—and, at her mouth,
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Arched with its deathly stillness.

It was night—
And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff—for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and pray'd
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he lean'd forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—
And in his looks the same mild majesty—

And in his mien the sadness mix'd with power—
Fill'd them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing robe
Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,
And fix'd his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve look' on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and, with trembling hands,
Press'd it upon his lips, and murmur'd low,
"*Master! my daughter!*"
The same silvery light,
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms.
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touch'd
The latchet, from within a whisper came,

"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*"
They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
And, as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And look'd upon the maiden.
Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hand,
The blood still rosy in her tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin

Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polish'd neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept;
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"*Maiden! arise!*"—and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirr'd in the linen vesture; and she clasp'd
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—AROSE.

N. P. Willis.

Blind Bartimeus.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" The blind man said unto him, "Lord that I might receive my sight."—St. Mark x. 51.

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits:
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"
And he replies, "O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, *Ὕπαγε:*
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet can not see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

H. W. Longfellow.

The Daughter of Herodias.

But when Herod's birth-day was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised, with an oath, to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger. And the king was sorry: nevertheless, for the oath's sake, and them that sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her.—St. Matthew xiv. 6–9

Serene in the moonlight the pure flowers lay;
All was still save the plash of the fountain's soft play;
And white as its foam gleamed the walls of the palace;
But within were hot lips quaffing fire from the chalice;
For Herod, the Tetrarch, was feasting that night
The lords of Machærus, and brave was the sight!
Yet mournful the contrast, without and within,
Here were purity, peace—*there* were riot and sin!
The vast and magnificent banqueting-room
Was of marble Egyptian, in form and in gloom;
And around, wild and dark as a demon's dread thought,
Strange shapes, full of terror, yet beauty, were wrought.
Th' ineffable sorrow, that dwells in the face
Of the Sphynx, wore a soft and mysterious grace,
Dim, even amid the full flood of light poured
From a thousand high clustering lamps on the board;
Those lamps,—each a serpent of jewels and gold,—
That seemed to hiss forth the fierce flame as it rolled.

Back flashed to that ray the rich vessels that lay
Profuse on the tables in brilliant array;
And clear through the crystal the glowing wine gleamed,
And dazzling the robes of the revelers seemed,
While Herod, the eagle-eyed, ruled o'er the scene,
A lion in spirit, a monarch in mien.

The goblet was foaming, the revel rose high,
There were pride and fierce joy in the haughty king's eye,
For his chiefs and his captains bowed low at his word,
And the feast was right royal that burden'd the board.
Lo! light as a star through a gathered cloud stealing,
What spirit glanced in 'mid the guard at the door?
Their stern bands divide, a fair figure revealing;
She bounds, in her beauty, the dim threshold o'er.
Her dark eyes are lovely with tenderest truth;
The bloom on her cheek is the blossom of youth;
And a smile that steals thro' it, is rich with the ray
Of a heart full of love and of innocent play.
Soft fall her fair tresses her light form around;
Soft fall her fair tresses, nor braided nor bound;
And her white robe is loose, and her dimpled arms bare:
For she is but a child, without trouble or care;
Now round the glad vision wild music is heard,—
Is she gifted with winglets of fairy or bird?
For, lo! as if borne on the waves of that sound,
With white arms upwreathing, she floats from the ground.
Still glistens the goblet,—'tis heeded no more!
And the jest and the song of the banquet are o'er;
For the revelers, spell-bound by beauty and grace,
Have forgotten all earth, save that form and that face.
It is done!—for one moment, mute, motionless, fair,

The phantom of light pauses playfully there;
The next, blushing richly, once more it takes wing,
And she kneels at the footstool of Herod the King.
Her young head is drooping, her eyes are bent low,
Her hands meekly crossed on her bosom of snow,
And, veiling her figure, her shining hair flows,
While Herod, flushed high with the revel, arose.
Outspake the rash monarch,—"Now, maiden, impart,
Ere thou leave us, the loftiest hope of thy heart!
By the God of my fathers! whate'er it may be,—
To the half of my kingdom,—'tis granted to thee!"
The girl, half-bewildered, uplifted her eyes,
Dilated with timid delight and surprise,
And a swift, glowing smile o'er her happy face stole,
As if some sunny wish had just woke in her soul.
Will she tell it? Ah, no! She has caught the wild gleam
Of a soldier's dark eye, and she starts from her dream;
Falters forth her sweet gratitude,—veils her fair frame,—
And glides from the presence, all glowing with shame.

Of costly cedar, rarely carved,
The royal chambers ceiling,
The columned walls, of marble rich,
Its brightest hues revealing;
Around the room a starry smile
The lamp of crystal shed;
But warmest lay its lustre on
A noble lady's head;
Her dark hair bound with burning gems
Whose fitful lightning-glow,

Is tame beside the wild, black eyes
That proudly flash below:
The Jewish rose and olive blend
Their beauty in her face;
She bears her in her high estate,
With an imperial grace;
All gorgeous glows with orient gold
The broidery of her vest;
With precious stones its purple fold
Is clasped upon her breast;
She gazes from her lattice forth:
What sees the lady there?
A strange, wild beauty crowns the scene,—
But she has other care!
Far off fair Moab's emerald slopes,
And Jordan's lovely vale;
And nearer,—heights where fleetest foot
Of wild gazelle would fail;
While crowning every verdant ridge,
Like drifts of moonlit snow,
Rich palaces and temples rise
Around, above, below,
Gleaming through groves of terebinth,
Of palm, and sycamore,
Where the swift torrents dashing free,
Their mountain music pour;
And arched o'er all, the eastern heaven
Lights up with glory rare
The landscape's wild magnificence;—
But she has other care!

Why flings she thus, with gesture fierce,
Her silent lute aside?
Some deep emotion chafes her soul
With more than wonted pride;
But, hark! a sound has reached her heart,
Inaudible elsewhere,
And hushed to melting tenderness,
The storm of passion there!
The far-off fall of fairy feet,
That fly in eager glee,
A voice that warbles wildly sweet,
Some Jewish melody!
She comes! her own Salomé comes!
Her pure and blooming child!
She comes and anger yields to love,
And sorrow is beguiled:
Her singing bird! low nestling now
Upon the parent breast,
She murmurs of the monarch's vow
With girlish laugh and jest:—

"Now choose me a gift and well!
There are so many joys I covet!
Shall I ask for a young gazelle?
'Twould be more than the world to me,
Fleet and wild as the wind,
Oh! how I would cherish and love it!
With flowers its neck I'd bind,
And joy in its graceful glee.

"Shall I ask for a gem of light,
To braid in my flowing ringlets?
Like a star through the veil of night,
Would glisten its glorious hue;
Or a radiant bird, to close
Its beautiful, waving winglets
On my bosom in soft repose,
And share my love with you!

She paused,—bewildered, terror-struck;
For, in her mother's soul,
Roused by the promise of the king,
Beyond her weak control,
The exulting tempest of Revenge
And Pride raged wild and high,
And sent its storm-cloud to her brow,
Its lightning to her eye!
Her haughty lip was quivering
With anger and disdain,
Her beauteous, jeweled hands were clenched
As if from sudden pain.

"Forgive," Salomé faltering cried,
"Forgive my childish glee!
'Twas selfish, vain,—oh! look not thus,
But let me ask for *thee!*"
Then smiled,—it was a deadly smile,—
That lady on her child,
And, "Swear thou'lt do my bidding, now!"

She cried, in accents wild:
"Ah! when, from earliest childhood's hour,
Did I thine anger dare!
Yet, since an oath thy wish must seal,—
By Judah's hopes, I swear!"
Herodias stooped,—one whisper brief!—
Was it a serpent's hiss,
That thus the maiden starts and shrinks
Beneath the woman's kiss?
A moment's pause of doubt and dread!
Then wild the victim knelt,—
"Take, take *my* worthless life instead!—
Oh! if thou e'er hast felt
A mother's love,—thou cants not doom—
No, no! 'twas but a jest!
Speak!—speak! and let me fly once more,
Confiding, to thy breast!"
A hollow and sepulchral tone
Was hers who made reply:
"The oath! the oath!—remember, girl!
'Tis registered on high!"
Salomé rose,—mute, moveless stood
As marble, save in breath,
Half senseless in her cold despair,
Her young cheek blanched like death—
But an hour since, so joyous, fond,
Without a grief or care,
Now struck with wo unspeakable,—
How dread a change was there!
"It shall be done!"—Was that the voice

That rang so gaily sweet,
When, innocent and blest, she came,
But now, with flying feet?
"It shall be done!"—She turns to go,
But, ere she gains the door,
One look of wordless, deep reproach
She backward casts,—no more!
But late she sprang the threshold o'er,
A light and blooming child,
Now, reckless, in her grief she goes
A woman stern and wild.

With pallid cheek, disheveled hair,
And wildly gleaming eyes,
Once more before the banqueters,
A fearful phantom flies;
Once more at Herod's feet it falls,
And cold with nameless dread,
The wondering monarch bends to hear,
A voice, as from the dead.
From those pale lips shrieks madly forth,—
"Thy promise, king, I claim,
And if the grant be foulest guilt,—
Not mine, not mine the blame!
Quick, quick recall that reckless vow,
Or strike thy dagger here,
Ere yet this voice demands a gift
That chills my soul with fear!
Heaven's curse upon the fatal grace
That idly charmed thine eyes!

Oh! better had I ne'er been born
Than be the sacrifice!
The word I speak will blanch thy cheek,
If human heart be thine;
It was a fiend in human form
That murmured it to mine.
To die for *me!* a thoughtless child!
For *me* must blood be shed!
Bend low,—lest angels hear me ask!—
Oh! God!—*the Baptist's head!*

Frances S. Osgood.

Bread in the Wilderness.

But Jesus said unto them, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." And they said unto him, "We have here but five loaves, and two fishes." He said "Bring them hither to me." And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat, and were filled; and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children.—St. Matthew xiv. 16-21.

A voice amid the desert.
Not of him
Who, in rough garments clad, and locust-fed,
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claim'd
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.
Benignant pity moved him as he saw
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch
The springs of every nature. The high lore
Of Heaven he humbled to the simplest child,
And in the guise of parable allured
The sluggish mind to follow truth and live.

They whom the thunders of the Law had stunn'd
Woke to the Gospel's melody with tears;
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe
High in her arms, that its young eye might meet
Jesus of Nazareth.

It was so still,
Though thousands cluster'd there, that not a sound
Brake the strong spell of eloquence which held
The wilderness in chains, save now and then,
As the gale freshen'd, came the murmur'd speech
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores
Of the Tiberian Sea.

Day wore apace,
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought
The unexpected eve. They linger'd still,
Eyes fix'd and lips apart; the very breath
Constrained, lest some escaping sigh might break
The tide of knowledge, sweeping o'er their souls
Like a strange, raptured dream. They heeded not
The spent sun, closing at the curtain'd west
His burning journey. What was time to them,
Who heard entranced the eternal Word of Life?

But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came,
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drain'd
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt
Compassion for them. His disciples press,
Care-stricken, to his side: "Where shall we find
Bread in this desert?"

Then, with lifted eye,
He bless'd, and brake, the slender store of food,

And fed the famish'd thousands. Wondering awe
With renovated strength inspired their souls,
As, gazing on the miracle, they mark'd
The gather'd fragments of their feast, and heard
Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man
Had never uttered.

Thou, whose pitying heart
Yearn'd o'er the countless miseries of those
Whom thou didst die to save, touch thou our souls
With the same spirit of untiring love.
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow-man,
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoined,
Be as a brother in his hour of need.

L. H. Sigourney.

The Boy with the Five Loaves.

What time the Saviour spread his feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the last and least
The abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold
A boy, 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet, obedient ways,
The Apostles brought him near, to share
Their Lord's laborious days,
His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart
That led him sacrifice to bring,
For his own simple part
To the world's hidden King?

Well may I guess how glowed his cheek;
How he looked down, half pride, half fear:
Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad, five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain, but what are they
Where hungry thousands be?"
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty shepherd ranks his sheep,
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

Or who can tell the trembling joy—
Who paint the grave, endearing look,
When from that favored boy
The wondrous pledge he took?—

Keep thou dear child thine early word;
Bring Him thy best: who knows but He
For his eternal board
May take some gift of thee?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet:
But kneel in faith: an arm benign
Such prayers will duly set
Within the holiest shrine.

And prayer has might to spread and grow,
  Thy childish darts, right-aimed on high
May catch Heaven's fire, and glow
  Far on the eternal sky:

Even as he made that stripling's store
  Type of the feast by him decreed,
When Angels might adore
  And souls forever feed.

Lyra Innocentium.

Walking on the Sea.

But he saith unto them, "It is I; be not afraid."—John vi. 20.

When the storm of the mountains on Galilee fell,
And lifted its waters on high;
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell
Of mysterious alarm—their terrors to quell,
Jesus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow,
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From his life-giving word, "It is I."

When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
  Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
  Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown
  Burst forth on the wondering eye,
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne"
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
  And say, "Be not afraid, it is I."

Hawthorne.

The Deaf and Dumb.

And Jesus answering, said, "O faithless and perverse generation! how long shall I be with you and suffer you? Bring thy son hither." And as he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down and tear him. And Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, and healed the child, and delivered him again to his father.—Luke ix. 41, 42.

The Son of God in doing good
  Was fain to look to heaven and sigh:
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
  Seek joy unmix'd in charity?
God will not let Love's work impart
Full solace, lest it steal the heart;
Be thou content in tears to sow,
Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe.

He look'd to heaven, and sadly sigh'd—
  What saw my gracious Saviour there,
With fear and anguish to divide
  The joy of heaven-accepted prayer!
So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept
He to his Father groaned and wept:
What saw he mournful in that grave,
Knowing himself so strong to save?

O'erwhelming thoughts of pain and grief
Over his sinking spirits sweep!—
What boots it gathering one lost leaf
Out of yon sere and wither'd heap,
Where souls and bodies, hopes and joys,
All that earth owns or sin destroys,
Under the spurning hoof are cast,
Or tossing in the autumnal blast?"

The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
The fetter'd tongue its chain may break;
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
The laggard soul, that will not wake,
The guilt that scorns to be forgiven;
These baffle e'en the spells of heaven;
In thought of these, his brows benign
Not even in healing cloudless shine.

No eye but his might ever bear
To gaze all down that drear abyss,
Because none ever saw so clear
The shore of endless bliss;
The giddy wave so restless hurl'd,
The vex'd pulse of this feverish world,
He views and counts with steady sight
Used to behold the Infinite.

But that in such communion high
He hath a fount of strength within,
Sure his meek heart would break and die,
O'erburden'd by his brethren's sin;

Weak eyes on darkness dare not gaze,
It dazzles like the noon-day blaze;
But he who sees God's face may brook
On the true face of Sin to look.

What then shall wretched sinners do,
When in their last, their hopeless day,
Sin as it is, shall meet their view,
God turn his face for aye away?
Lord, by thy sad and earnest eye,
When thou didst look to heaven and sigh;
Thy voice, that with a word could chase
The dumb, deaf spirit from his place;

As thou hast touch'd our ears, and taught
Our tongues to speak thy praises plain,
Quell thou each thankless, godless thought
That would make fast our bonds again.
From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,
Drowning thy music in the breast,
From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,
Preserve, good Lord, thy servant's ears.

From idle words, that restless throng,
And haunt our hearts when we would pray
From pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,
Seal thou my lips and guard the way;
For thou hast sworn that every ear,
Willing or loth, thy trump shall hear,
And every tongue unchained be
To own no hope, no God, but thee.

Keble.

The Woman Taken in Adultery.

Jesus said unto them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.—St. John viii. 7.

Without the city walls, the Son of man
Had watched all night upon the stony ridge
Beyond the Brook of Kedron, which o'erlooks
The fatal town, and Moriah's Mount sublime,
Crowned by the temple of the living God,
And Siloa's stream oracular, and the vale
Named of Jehosaphat, where soon shall stand
The Abomination making desolate—
There with his Father, till the stars were pale,
In holiest commune on that lonely steep,
The Mount of Olives.
Now the sun arose,
And through the stillness of the early morn
Volumed and white up soared the savory smoke
Of morning sacrifice, and pealed aloft
The silver trumpets their sonorous praise
O'er Zion.
Then he ceased from prayer, and came
Again unto the temple, and went in,
And all the people gathered to his words,

Breathless and mute with awe, the while he sate
Teaching.
But while the sweet and solemn sound,
The words of Him who spake as never man
Spake, or shall speak, filled every listening soul
With wisdom that is life, a throng of Scribes
And Pharisees came hasting through the doors,
And haling a fair woman toward his place,
Set her before him in the midst.
She was
Indeed most fair, and young, and innocent
To look upon. Alas! that such as she
So should have fallen!
Pale she stood, and mute,
Her large, soft eyes, that wont to swim in light,
Burning with tearless torture; cheek and brow
Whiter than ashes, or the snow that dwells
On Sinai. Thus she stood, a little space,
Gazing around with a bewildered glare
That had no speculation in 't—
Then sank
In her disordered robes, a shapeless heap,
At a tall pillar's base, her face concealed
In the coarse mufflings of her woolen gown,
And the redundance of her golden hair
Part fairly braided, part in wavy flow
Disheveled, over her bare shoulders spread,
Purer than alabaster—nought beside
Exposed, save one round arm the bashful face
With slenderest fingers hiding, while the drops

Oozed through them slow and silent—she wept now,
When none beheld her!—and one rosy foot,
Unsandaled, peering from the ruffled hem
Of her white garb—all else a drifted mass
Of draperies heaving like the ocean's swell,
To that unspoken agony within,
Which rent her bosom, unsuspect of man,
But seen of the All-seeing.

Up they spake—
"Master, this woman in the act was ta'en
Sinning. Now Moses taught us in the law,
That whoso doeth thus shall surely die,
Stoned by the people—But what sayest thou?"
Thus said they, tempting him, that they might have
Of sin to accuse the sinless.

Jesus stooped,
Silent, and with his finger on the ground
Traced characters, as though he heard them not;
But when they asked again importunate,
He raised himself in perfect majesty,
Calm, and inscrutable, reading their souls
With that deep eye to which all hearts are known,
From which no secrets can be hidden.

Then,
"He that is here, among you, without sin,"
He said—"let him first cast a stone at her."
Then stooped he again, and on the ground
Wrote as before.

A mighty terror fell
On those which heard it, in their secret souls
Convicted. One by one, they slunk away,

The eldest first, as guiltiest, to the last,
Till none were left, but Jesus in the midst
Standing alone, and at the column's base,
The woman groveling like a trampled worm:
They two were in the temple—but they two,
Of all the crowd that thronged it even now—
The sinful mortal, and her sinless God.
When Jesus had arisen, and beheld
That none were left of all, save she alone;
"Woman," he said unto her, "Woman, where
Be now those thine accusers? Hath no man
Condemned thee?"
And she answered—"No man, Lord."
"Neither do I"—Jesus replied to her—
"Condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."
And she
Arose, and went her way in sadness; and
The grace of Him, to whom the power is given
To pardon sins, sank down into her soul,
Like gentle dew upon the drooping herb,
That under that good influence blooms again,
And sent its odors heavenward—
And perchance
There was great joy above, in those bright hosts
Who more rejoice o'er one, that was a slave
To sin and hath repented, than o'er ten,
So just, that they have nothing to repent.

Henry W. Herbert.

The Ten Lepers.

And he said unto him, "Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole."
—St. Luke xvii. 19.

Ten cleansed, and only one remain!
Who would have thought our nature's stain
Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?
Even He who reads the heart,—
Knows what He gave and what we lost,
Sin's forfeit and redemption's cost,—
By a short pang of wonder cross'd
Seems at the sight to start.

Yet 'twas not wonder, but his love
Our wavering spirits would reprove,
That heavenward seem so free to move
When earth can yield no more:
Then from afar on God we cry;
But should the mist of wo roll by,
Not showers across an April sky
Drift when the storm is o'er,

Faster than those false drops and few
Fleet from the heart, a worthless dew.
What sadder scene can angels view
Than self deceiving tears,
Pour'd idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
The record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years?

Spirits that round the sick man's bed
Watch'd, noting down each prayer he made,
Were your unerring roll display'd,
His pride of health t' abase;
Or, when soft showers in season fall,
Answering a famish'd nation's call,
Should unseen fingers on the wall
Our vows forgotten trace;

How should we gaze in trance of fear!
Yet shines the light as thrilling clear
From heaven upon that scroll severe,
"Ten cleansed and one remain!"
Nor surer would the blessing prove
Of humbled hearts, that own thy love,
Should choral welcome from above
Visit our senses plain:

Than by Thy placid voice and brow,
With healing first, with comfort now,
Turn'd upon him, who hastes to bow

Before Thee, heart and knee;
"Oh! thou, who only wouldst be blest,
On thee alone my blessing rest!
Rise, go thy way in peace, possess'd
For evermore of me."

Keble.

Lazarus and Mary.

When Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died.—John xi. 32.

Jesus was there but yesterday. The prints
Of his departing feet were at the door;
His "Peace be with you!" was yet audible
In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear;
And, in the low rooms, 'twas as if the air,
Hush'd with his going forth, had been the breath
Of angels left on watch—so conscious still
The place seemed of his presence! Yet within,
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,
For Lazarus lay dead.

And Mary sat
By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.
The countenance whereon the Saviour dwelt
With his benignant smile—the soft fair lines
Breathing of hope—were still all eloquent,
Like life well mock'd in marble. That the voice,
Gone from those pallid lips, was heard in heaven,
Toned with unearthly sweetness—that the light,
Quench'd in the closing of those stirless lids,
Was veiling before God its timid fire,

New-lit and brightening like a star at eve—
That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,
Not with this cold clay sleeping—Mary knew,
Her heaviness of heart was not for him!
But close had been the tie by Death divided.
The intertwining locks of that bright hair
That wiped the feet of Jesus—the fair hands
Clasp'd in her breathless wonder while he taught—
Scarce to one pulse thrill'd more in unison,
Than with one soul this sister and her brother
Had lock'd their lives together. In this love,
Hallow'd from stain, the woman's heart of Mary
Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.
Of an unblemish'd beauty, as became
An office by archangels fill'd till now,
She walk'd with a celestial halo clad;
And while, to the Apostle's eyes, it seem'd
She but fulfilled her errand out of heaven—
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God—
She was a woman fond and mortal still;
And the deep fervor, lost to passion's fire,
Breathed through the sister's tenderness. In vain
Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,
That it was not her brother. He was there—
Swathed in that linen vesture for the grave—
The same loved one in all its comeliness—
And with him to the grave her heart must go.
What though he talked to her of angel? nay—
Hover'd in spirit near her?—'twas that arm,
Palsied in death, whose fond caress she knew!
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,

Morning and eve, love hemm'd the sweet day
This was the form by the Judean maids
Praised for its palm-like stature, as he walk'd
With her by Kedron in the eventide—
The dead was Lazarus!
The burial was over, and the night
Fell upon Bethany—and morn—and noon.
And comforters and mourners went their way—
But death stay'd on! They had been oft alone,
When Lazarus had followed Christ to hear
His teachings in Jerusalem: but this
Was more than solitude. The silence now
Was void of expectation. Something felt
Always before, and loved without a name,
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,
Welcome and life from off the very walls,—
Seem'd gone—and in the chamber where he lay
There was a fearful and unbreathing hush,
Stiller than night's last hour. So fell on Mary
The shadows all have known, who from their hearts
Have released friends to heaven. The parting soul
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the sky!
As if its path lay, from the tie last broken,
Straight through the cheering gateway of the sun
And, to the eye strain'd after, 'tis a cloud
That bars the light from all things.

Now as Christ
Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth
With Martha mourning Lazarus. But Mary
Sat in the house. She knew the hour was nigh
When He would go again, as He had said,

Unto his Father; and she felt that He,
Who loved her brother Lazarus in Life,
Had chose the hour to bring him home thro' Death
In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone—
She could lift up the bitter prayer to heaven,
"Thy will be done, O God!"—but that dear brother
Hath fill'd the cup and broke the bread for Christ,
And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt
And wash'd those holy feet, came Lazarus
To bind his sandals on, and follow forth
With dropp'd eyes, like an angel, sad and fair
Intent upon the Master's need alone.
Indissolubly link'd were they! And now,
To go to meet him—Lazarus not there—
And to his greeting answer "It is well?"
And, without tears, (since grief would trouble Him
Whose soul was always sorrowful,) to kneel
And minister alone—her heart gave way!
She cover'd up her face and turn'd again
To wait within for Jesus. But once more
Came Martha, saying, "Lo! the Lord is here
And calleth for thee, Mary!" Then arose
The mourner from the ground, whereon she sate
Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up
The golden locks of her dishevel'd hair,
And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil
Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And still,
As she made ready to go forth, a calm
As in a dream fell on her.

At a fount

Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,
Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near
Were the way-worn disciples in the shade;
But, of himself forgetful, Jesus lean'd
Upon his staff, and watch'd where she should come,
To whose one sorrow—but a sparrow's falling—
The pity that redeem'd a world could bleed!
And as she came, with that uncertain step,—
Eager, yet weak, her hands upon her breast,—
And they who follow'd her all fallen back
To leave her with her sacred grief alone,—
The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew near,
And the disciples rose up from the fount,
Moved by her look of woe, and gather'd round;
And Mary—for a moment—ere she look'd
Upon the Saviour, stay'd her faltering feet,—
And straighten'd her veil'd form, and tighter drew
Her clasp upon the folds across her breast;
Then, with a vain strife to control her tears,
She stagger'd to the midst, and at His feet
Fell prostrate, saying, "Lord! hadst thou been here,
My brother had not died!" The Saviour groan'd
In spirit, and stoop'd tenderly, and raised
The mourner from the ground, and in a voice
Broke in its utterance like her own, He said,
"Where have ye laid him?" Then the Jews who came,
Following Mary, answer'd through their tears,
"Lord, come and see!" But lo! the mighty heart
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,
Taking from us the cup that might not pass—

The heart whose breaking cord upon the cross
Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid
To look upon his agony—the heart
Of a lost world's Redeemer—overflowed,
Touched by a mourner's sorrow! Jesus wept.
Calm'd by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding
Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,
Stood Mary there; but that lost burden now
Lay on His heart who pitied her; and Christ,
Following slow and groaning in Himself,
Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,
And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,
"Take ye away the stone!" Then lifted He
His moisten'd eyes to heaven, and while the Jews
And the disciples bent their heads in awe,
And, trembling, Mary sank upon her knees,
The Son of God pray'd audibly. He ceased,
And for a minute's space there was a hush,
As if th' angelic watchers of the world
Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,
To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ
Shone as he stood, and over Him there came
Command, as 'twere the living face of God,
And with a loud voice, he cried, "Lazarus!
Come forth!" And instantly, bound hand and foot,
And borne by unseen angels from the cave,
He that was dead stood with them. At the word
Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed
The bands from off the foldings of his shroud;
And Mary, with her dark veil thrown aside,

Ran to him swiftly, and cried, "LAZARUS!
MY BROTHER LAZARUS!" and tore away
The napkin she had bound about his head—
And touched the warm lips with her fearful hand—
And on his neck fell weeping. And while all
Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus
Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down
And worshiped Him who loved them.

N. P. Willis.

Christ on Tabor.

Christ, our bliss—all joys combining,
Thy face above the sun is shining,
A glittering robe thy form arrays;
Glory bright from thee is beaming,
The voice of truth thy worth proclaiming,
While from the father's mouth it says
In love's endearing tone:—
"This is my only Son,
Me well pleasing,
His wish regard! And your reward
Be endless glory with the Lord!"

Can one glimpse, so quickly over,
Suffice us, Jesus, to discover
The splendors of thy high estate?
All its wonders to be telling,
We need to build for thee a dwelling,
And evermore around thee wait.
Dear Saviour, at thy side,
Joy, health and peace abide;
Hallelujah!
Here, Lord, with thee 'tis good to be,
From every care and sorrow free.

Lord of life to earth returning,
Our bodies with thy light adorning,
Give us thy splendor then to see!
When our dust o'er grave victorious,
And fashioned like his body glorious,
Shall splendid and immortal be,—
Far brighter light will shine
Than, Tabor, e'er was thine!
While Hosannas
Of higher praise our tongues shall raise,
On Zion's hill through endless days.

From the German.

Christ Teaches Humility.

Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshiping him, and desiring a certain thing of him. And he said unto her, "What wilt thou?" She saith unto him, "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom."—St. Matthew xx 20, 21.

Sit down and take thy fill of joy
  At God's right hand, a bidden guest,
Drink of the cup that can not cloy,
  Eat of the bread that can not waste.
O great apostle! rightly now
  Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,
What time His grave yet gentle brow
  In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

"Seek ye to sit enthron'd by me?
  Alas! ye know not what ye ask;
The first in shame and agony,
  The lowest in the meanest task—
This can ye be? and can ye drink
  The cup that I in tears must steep,
Nor from the whelming waters shrink
  That o'er me roll so dark and deep?"

"We can—thine are we, dearest Lord,
In glory and in agony,
To do and suffer all Thy word;
Only be Thou for ever nigh."—
"Then be it so—my cup receive,
And of my woes baptismal taste:
But for the crown, that angels weave
For those next me in glory placed,

I give it not by partial love;
But in my Father's book are writ
What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
That they in Heaven may highest sit."
Take up the lesson, O my heart;
Thou Lord of meekness, write it there,
Thine own meek self to me impart,
Thy lofty hope, thy holy prayer.

If ever on the mount with Thee
I seem to soar in vision bright,
With thoughts of coming agony
Stay thou the too presumptuous flight:
Gently along the vale of tears
Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep,
Let me not grudge a few short years
With Thee tow'rd Heaven to walk and weep.

Too happy, on my silent path,
If now and then allow'd with Thee
Watching some placid holy death,
Thy secret work of love to see;

But oh most happy, should thy call,
Thy welcome call, at last be given—
"Come where thou long hast stored thy all,
Come see thy place prepared in Heaven."

John Keble.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, "Fear not, daughter of Sion, behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."—John xii. 14, 15.

He sat upon the "ass's foal" and rode
Toward Jerusalem. Beside him walked,
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve,
And on before him went a multitude
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands
Strewing their garments thickly in his way.
Th' unbroken foal beneath him gently stepped,
Tame as its patient dam; and as the song
Of "welcome to the Son of David" burst
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves
Of the waved branches touched its silken ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,
Meekly trode onward with its slender feet.
The dew's last sparkle from the grass had gone
As he rode up Mount Olivet. The woods
Threw their cool shadows freshly to the west,
And the light foal, with quick and toiling step,
And head bent low, kept its unslackened way
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind

Sent o'er the mount from Jordan. As he reached
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised
His calm blue eye—there stood Jerusalem!
Eagerly he bent forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wont slightness of his perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fulness of his heart.
There stood Jerusalem! How fair she looked—
The silver sun on all her palaces,
And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream
Lacing the meadows with its silver band,
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations. There she stood—
Jerusalem—the city of his love,
Chosen from all the earth; Jerusalem—
That knew him not—and had rejected him;
Jerusalem—for whom he came to die!
The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang
Louder hosannas: the clear air was filled
With odor from the trampled olive leaves—
But "Jesus wept." The loved disciple saw
His Master's tears, and closer to his side
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck
The Saviour leant with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned,—"How oft, Jerusalem! would I
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings—but ye would not!"
He thought not of the death that he should die—

He thought not of the thorns he knew must pierce
His forehead—of the buffet on the cheek—
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul scorn!—
Gethsemane stood out beneath his eye
Clear in the morning sun, and there, he knew,
While they who "could not watch with him one hour"
Were sleeping, he should sweat great drops of blood,
Praying the "cup might pass." And Golgotha
Stood bare and desert by the city wall,
And in its midst, to his prophetic eye,
Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies
Were number'd all—the nails were in his feet—
Th' insulting sponge was pressing on his lips-
The blood and water gushing from his side—
The dizzy faintness swimming in his brain—
And, while his own disciples fled in fear,
A world's death-agonies all mixed in his!
Ay!—he forgot all this. He only saw
Jerusalem,—the chosen—the loved—the lost!
He only felt that for her sake his life
Was vainly given, and in his pitying love,
The sufferings that would clothe the heavens in black,
Were quite forgotten. Was there ever love
In earth or heaven, equal unto this?

N. P. Willis.

Weeping Over the City.

'And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.—Luke xix. 41.

Why doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers!
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well his holy pains:
'Tis not his pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

It is not that his soul
Is wandering sadly on,
In thought how soon at death's dark goal
Their course will all be run,
Who now are shouting round
Hosanna to their chief;
No thought like this in him is found,
This were a conqueror's grief.

Or doth he feel the cross
Already in his heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss,
Feel even his God depart?
No: though he knew full well
The grief that then shall be—
The grief that angels can not tell—
Our God in agony.

It is not thus he mourns,
Such might be martyrs' tears,
When his last lingering look he turns
On human hopes and fears:
But hero ne'er or saint
The secret load might know,
With which His spirit waxeth faint;
His is a Saviour's woe.

"If thou hadst known, even thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace! but now
'Tis passed for aye away:
Now foes shall trench thee round,
And lay thee even with the earth,
And dash thy children to the ground,
Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep
Over his people's sin,

Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win ?
Ye hearts, that love the Lord,
If at his sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made him mourn.

John Keble.

The Triumph.

And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, "Who is this?" And the multitude said, "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."—St. Matthew xxi. 10, 11.

The air is fill'd with shouts, and trumpets' sounding;
A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.
Now is thy van the Mount of Olives rounding;
Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,
Twined with the palm and Olive's peaceful stem.
Now swell the nearer sound of voice and string,
As down the hill-side pours the living stream;
And to the cloudless heaven Hosannas ring—
"The Son of David comes!—the Conqueror—the King!"

The cuirass'd Roman heard; and grasp'd his shield,
And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower;
The Pontiff from his battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power:
He saw the cloud on Sion's glory lour,
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch and flower,
And deeper sounds are mingling, "woe to Rome!"
"The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel, from thy tomb!"

Temple of beauty—long that day is done;
Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone:
The shades of ages on thy altars swim.
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim;
And has its holy lamp been watched in vain?
Or lives it not until the finish'd time,
When He who fix'd, shall break his people's chain,
And Sion be the loved, the crown'd of God again?

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarm'd;
Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!
Though thousands, tens of thousands, round him swarm'd,
None durst abide that depth divine of eye;
None durst the waving of his robe draw nigh.
But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword:
There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;
There Jairus, with his age's child adored.
"He comes, the King of kings: Hosanna to the Lord!"

George Croly.

Teaching the People.

And he taught daily in the temple. And all the people were astonished at his doctrine, and were attentive to hear him.—St. Mark xi.; St. Luke xix.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee,—love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Dr. Bowring.

The Last Supper.

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, "This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me."—St. Luke xxii. 19.

Behold that countenance, where grief and love
Blend with ineffable benignity,
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.
Whose is that eye which seems to read the heart,
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?
Redeemer! is it thine? And is this feast
Thy last on earth? Why do the chosen few,
Admitted to thy parting banquet, stand
As men transfix'd with horror?
Ah! I hear
The appalling answer, from those lips divine,
"One of you shall betray me."
One of these?
Who by thy hand was nurtured, heard thy prayers,
Received thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the rain of summer? One of these!
Therefore, with deep and deadly paleness droops
The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chilled to the ice of death, at such strange shock
Of unimagined guilt. See, his whole soul
Concentred in his eye, the man who walked

The waves with Jesus, all impetuous prompts
The horror-struck inquiry—"Is it I!
Lord! is it I?" while earnest pressing near,
His brother's lip, in ardent echo, seem
Doubling the fearful thought. With brow upraised,
Andrew absolves his soul of charge so foul;
And springing eager from the table's foot,
Bartholomew bends forward, full of hope,
That by his ear, the Master's awful words
Had been misconstrued. To the side of Christ,
James, in the warmth of cherished friendship, clings,
Yet trembles as the traitor's image steals
Into his throbbing heart; while he, whose hand
In sceptic doubt was soon to probe the wounds
Of him he loved, points upward to invoke
The avenging God. Philip, with startled gaze,
Stands in his crystal singleness of soul,
Attesting innocence—while Matthew's voice,
Repeating fervently the Master's words,
Rouses to agony the listening group,
Who, half incredulous, with terror, seem
To shudder at his accents.
All the twelve
With strong emotion strive, save one false breast
By Mammon seared, which, brooding o'er its gain,
Weighs thirty pieces with the Saviour's blood.
Son of perdition!—dost thou freely breathe
In such pure atmosphere?—And canst thou hide,
'Neath the cold calmness of that settled brow,
The burden of a deed whose very name
Thus strikes thy brethren pale?

But can it be
That the strange power of this soul-harrowing scene
Is the slight pencil's witchery?—I would speak
Of him who pour'd such bold conception forth
O'er the dead canvas. But I dare not muse
Now of a mortal's praise. Subdued I stand
In thy sole, sorrowing presence, Son of God—
I feel the breathing of those holy men,
From whom thy gospel, as on angel's wing,
Went out through all the earth. I see how deep
Sin in the soul may lurk, and fain would kneel
Low at thy blessed feet, and trembling ask—
"Lord! is it I?"
For who may tell, what dregs
Do slumber in his breast? Thou, who didst taste
Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
From thine unspotted soul, forsake us not
In our temptations; but so guide our feet,
That our Last Supper in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

H. Sigourney.

The Last Hymn.

And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.—St. Matthew xxvi. 30.

The winds are hushed;—the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 'tis night's calm noon;
And all the streets are still.

Save when, along the shaded walks,
We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footstep as he stalks
In moonlight on the wall.

How soft, how holy, is this light!
And hark! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
'Tis resignation,—not despair;
'Tis triumph,—though 'tis pain.

'Tis Jesus and his faithful few,
That pour that hymn of love;
O God! may we the song renew
Around thy board above.

John Pierpont.

Scene in Gethsemane.

And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and he saith to his disciples, "Sit ye here while I shall pray."—St. Mark xiv. 32.

The moon was shining yet. The orient's brow,
Set with the morning star, was not yet dim;
And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'Twas the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolved
In visible stillness; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of his disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindnesses
Of his deep love were pour'd, he felt the need
Of near communion, for his gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hush'd silentness,
Alone with God, he fell upon his face,
And as his heart was broken with the rush

Of his surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave his sorrows way—and in the deep
Prostration of his soul, breathed out the prayer,
"Father, if it be possible with thee,
Let this cup pass from me." Oh, how a word,
Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
Stilleth the press of human agony!
The Saviour felt its quiet in his soul;
And though his strength was weakness, and the light
Which led him on till now was sorely dim,
He breathed a new submission—"Not my will,
But thine be done, oh, Father!" As he spoke,
Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within his eye, bow'd down to him,
And nerved him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough—and with his godlike brow
Re-written of his Father's messenger,
With meekness, whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, he return'd again
To his disciples, and awaked their sleep,
For "he that should betray him was at hand."

N. P. Willis.

Gethsemane.

Where climbs thy steep, fair Olivet,
There is a spot most dear to me—
The spot with tears of sorrow wet,
Where Jesus knelt in agony.

I love in thought to linger there,
To tread the hallowed ground alone,
Where on the silent, midnight air,
Rose heavenward, Lord, thy plaintive moan.

I fondly seek the olive shade
That vailed thee when thy soul was wrung;
When angels came to bring thee aid,
That oft to thee their harps had strung!

There on the sacred turf I kneel,
And breathe my heart's deep love to thee,
While tender memories o'er me steal
Of all thou didst endure for me.

O mystery of anguish, when
The sinless felt sin's heavy woe!
Hell madly dreamed of triumph then,
While thy dear head was bending low.

Vain dream! No grief shall evermore
Stain, as with bloody sweat, thy brow;
Robed in all glory—thine before—
The seraphim surround thee now.

Yet, Lord, from off the burning throne,
Above yon stars that softly gleam,
Thou cam'st to meet me here alone,
By Kedron's old familiar stream.

Ray Palmer.

The Agony.

He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, "Oh, my father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."—St Matthew xxvi. 42.

A wreath of glory circles still his head—
And yet he kneels—and yet he seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony:
On his pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood on votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, his eyes are raised in prayer.
Alas! and is there strife He can not bear
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the dead?
There is! there is! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When Death exerts his last permitted power—
When the dread weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him, who deigned to dwell,
A man with men—that he might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and burst the captive's yoke.
But oh! of that dread strife what words can tell?
Those—only those—which broke with many a groan
From his full heart—"O Father, take away

The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day—
Yet, Father, not my will, but thine be done!"
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure, and strong to save;
Nor would Jehovah leave him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint his Holy One.

Anonymous.

The Defection of the Disciples.

Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.—St. Matthew xxvi. 56.

Fled!—and from whom? The Man of woe
Who in Gethsemane had felt
Such pangs as bade the blood-drops flow,
And the crushed heart with anguish melt?
They who were gathered round his board,
Partook his love, beheld his power,
Saw the sick healed, the dead restored,
Failed they to watch one fearful hour?

All fled? Yet *one* there was who laid
His head upon that sacred breast,
By friendship's holy ardor made
A cherished, an illustrious guest;
One, too, who walked with Christ the wave,
When the mad sea confessed his sway,
And strangely sealed her gaping grave,—
Fled *these* forgetfully away?

Yes: *all* forsook the Master's side
When foes and dangers clustered round,
And when in bitterness he cried,
'Mid the dread garden's awful bound.
Yet knew they not how near him stood
The host of heaven, a guardian train,
Deploring man's ingratitude,
And wondering at his Saviour's pain.

Oh! ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue;
Who shrink from persecution's rod,
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God,
And in his griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye?—so was he,—
Reviled?—yet check the vengeful word,—
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er his suffering Lord?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot,—
Deluded man from God may fly,
But *when was man by God forgot?*

L. H. Sigourney

The Remorse of Judas.

And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.—St. Matthew xxvii. 5.

The thirty pieces down he flung,
For which his Lord he sold,
And turned away his murderer's face
From that accursed gold.
He can not sleep, he dares not watch;
That weight is on his heart,
For which, nor earth nor heaven have hope,
Which never can depart.

A curse is on his memory,
We shudder at his name;
At once we loathe and scorn his guilt,
And yet we do the same:
Alas! the sinfulness of man,
How oft in deed and word
We act the traitor's part again,
And do betray our Lord!

We bend the knee, record the vow,
And breathe the fervent prayer:
How soon are prayer and vow forgot,
Amid life's crime and care!"
The Saviour's passion, cross, and blood,
Of what avail are they
If first that Saviour we forget,
And next we disobey?

For pleasures, vanities, and hates,
The compact we renew,
And Judas rises in our hearts—
We sell our Saviour too.
How for some moment's vain delight
We will embitter years,
And in our youth lay up for age
Only remorse and tears.

Ah! sanctify and strengthen, Lord,
The souls that turn to thee;
And from the devil and the world
Our guard and solace be.
And as the mariners at sea
Still watch some guiding star,
So fix our hearts and hopes on thee
Until thine own they are.

Miss Landon.

The Crown of Thorns.

And when they had platted a crown of thorns they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews."—St. Matthew xxvii. 29.

Too little do we think of thee,
  Our too indulgent Lord:
We ask not what thy will may be,
  We dwell not on thy word.

Thou, who in human shape wast born,
  And shared in human woe;
Thou, who didst wear the crown of thorn,
  Which all must wear below;

Thou, who the sinner's fate didst share,
  Yet from the grave arise—
Alas! unworthy that we are
  Of such a sacrifice.

Thy love should fill our hearts, like dew
  That fills the flowers by night;
Who in that gentle rain, renew
  The waste of morning's light.

Thus doth life's hurry and its glare
Dry up within our heart
The holier thoughts that are thy share,
The spirit's better part.

And yet we turn not to thy love,
We seek not to recall
The hopes that lift our souls above
Their low and earthly thrall.

On pleasures or on wealth intent,
Careless we hurry on,
And vainly precious hours are spent
Before we think them gone.

Their joy and sorrow, sin and strife,
Close round us like a bond,
Which so enslaves to present life,
We never look beyond.

O Lord, if every thought were thine,
How little would they be
Acceptable before thy shrine,
Unworthy heaven and thee.

Yet thou hast said, thou wilt accept
Prayers offer'd in thy name;
That never tears in vain were wept,
If from the heart they came.

Then strike our rocky souls, O Lord
  Amid life's desert place;
Yet may their harden'd depths afford
The waters of thy grace.

Low in the dust we kneel and pray,
  O! sanctify our tears;
Till they wash every stain away
  From past and guilty years.

Miss Landon.

The Highway to Mount Caluarie.

Repair to Pilat's hall,
Which place, when thou hast found,
Then shall thou see a pillar stand,
To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be known
To anie Christian eye;
The bloudie whips doe point it out
From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe
Of purple, and a reed
Which Pilat's servants us'd t' abuse
In sinne's deriding deed;

When they pronounced "All haile!
God save thee!" with a breath,
And by the same cride presently,
"Let Christ be done to death."

His person had in scorne,
His doctrine made a iest,
Their mockeries were a martirdome;
No wrongs but him opprest.

What courage less than his
Would have endured like shame,
But would with griefs of such contempt
Have dide t' indure the same!

A little from that place,
Upon the left hand side,
There is a curious portlie dore,
Right beautifull and wide.

Leave that in anie wise,
Forbid thy foot goe thether;
For out thereat did Judas goe—
Despaire and he together.

But to the right hand turn,
Where is a narrow gate;
Forth which St. Peter went to weepe
His poor distrest estate.

Doe immitate the like,
Goe out at sorrowe's dore;
Weepe bitterly as he did weepe,
That wept to sinne no more.

Keep wide of Cayphus' house,
Though courtous thoughts infence:
There bribery haunts, despare was hatcht;
False Judas came from thence.

But go on forward still,
Where Pilat's pallace stands;
There, where he first did false condemne,
There washed his guiltie hands,

Confessed he found no cause,
And yet condemned to die,
Fearing an earthly Ceaser more
Than God that rules on hie.

By this direction then
The way is vnderstood;
No porch, no dore, nor hal to passe,
Vnsprinkled with Christ's blood.

So shall no errour put
Misguiding steppes betweene;
For every drop sweet Jesus shed
Is freshly to be seene.

A crowne of piercing thornes
There lies imbru'd in gore;
The garland that thy Sauiour's head
For thy offences wore.

Which, when thou shalt behold,
Thinke what his loue hath binne,
Whose head was loaden with those briars
'T vnlade thee of thy sinne.

Whose sacred flesh was torne,
Whose holie skinne was rent;
Whose tortures and extreamest paines
Thy pains in hell preuent.

As God from Babilon
Did turne, when they, past cure,
Refused help whome he would heale,
Denying health t' indure:

So from Hierusalem
The soule's Phisition goes,
When they forsook His sauing health
And vowed themselves his foes.

Goe with Him, happy soule,
From that forsaken towne,
Vpon whose wals lies not a stone
But ruin must throw downe.

Follow his feet that goes
For to redeeme thy losse,
And carries alle our sinnes with him
To cansel on His Crosse.

Behold what multitudes
Doe guard thy God about,
Who, bleeding, beares his dying tree
Amidst the Jewish rout!

Look on with liquid eies,
And sigh from sorrowing mind,
To see the death's-man goe before,
The murdering troopes behind.

Centurion hard at hand,
The thieues upon the side,
The exclamations, shouts and cries,
The shame he doth abide.

Then presse amongst the throng,
Thyselfe with sorrowes weed;
Get very neare to Christ, and see
What teares the women she

Teares that did turne him backe
They were of such a force—
Teares that did purchase daughters' names
Of Father's kind remorse.

To whom he said: "Weepe not;
"For me drop not a teare;
"Bewaile your offspring and yourselues
Griefe's cause vnseen is neare."

Follow their steppes in teares,
And with these women mourn;
But not for Christ; weepe for thyselfe,
And Christ will grace returne.

To Pilat's bold demands
He yeelded no replie;
Although the iudge importuned much,
Yet silence did denie.

Vnto his manie words
No answer Christ would make;
Yet to those women did He speake
For teares' and weepings' sake.

Thinke on their force by teares—
Teares that obtained love;
Where words too weak could not persuade,
How teares had power to moue.

Then looke towards Jesus' load,
More than he could indure,
And how for helpe to beare the same,
A hireling they procure.

Joine thou vnto the Crosse;
Beare it of loue's desire;
Doe not as Cyrenæus did,
That took it vp for hire.

It is a gratefull deede,
If willing vnderta'ne;
But if compulsion set aworke,
The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death
That Christ did die for thee,
Gives life to none but such as ioy
Crosse-bearing friends to be.

Vp to Mount Caluarie,
If thou desire to goe,
Then take thy Crosse and follow Christ,
Thou canst not miss it so.

When there thou art arriued,
His glorious wounds to see,
Say but as faithful as the thiefe:
"O Lord remember me!"

Assure thyselfe to haue
A gift all gifts excelling,
Once sold by sinne, once bought by Christ,
For saints' eternall dwelling.

By Adam, Paradise
Was sinne's polluted shade;
By Christ, the dunghill Golgotha,
A Paradise was made.

Samuel Rowlands.

Via Dolorosa.

I SEE my Lord—the poor, the weak, the lowly,
Along the mournful way in sadness tread;
The thorns are on His brow, and He,—the Holy,
Bearing his cross—to Calvary is led.

Silent He moveth on, all uncomplaining,
Though wearily His grief and burden press;
And foes—nor shame nor pity now restraining—
With scoff and jeering mock his deep distress.

'Tis hell's dark hour; yet calm himself resigning,
Even as a lamb that goeth to be slain;
The wine-press lone he treadeth unrepining,
And falling blood-drops all his raiment stain.

In mortal weakness 'neath his burden sinking,
The Son of God accepts a mortal's aid!
Then passes on to Golgotha unshrinking,
Where love's divinest sacrifice is made.

Dear Lord! what though my path be set with sorrow,
And oft beneath some heavy cross I groan?
My soul, weighed down, shall strength and courage borrow
At thoughts of sharper griefs which thou hast known.

And I, in tears, will yet look up with gladness;
And hope when troubles most my hope would drown;
The mournful way which thou didst tread with sadness,
Was but thy way to glory and Thy Crown.

Ray Palmer.

"Weep not for Me."

And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, who also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus, turning unto them, said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and your children."—St. Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

Jerusalem's daughters! for me do not weep!
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep,
For days of sad sighing, deep wailing, and moan;
For the dead and the dying; for cities o'erthrown.
When you pray that the mountains may fall on your head
Then from those misty fountains salt tears may be shed;
But, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When mothers, soul-mourning, curse the day when was pressed
The child of long yearning most close to the breast;
When those eyes they are blessing which ne'er saw a son,
And those arms, which caressing of daughters had none;
When the maid, thickly sobbing, her own love shall mourn,
And the father's heart, throbbing, breaks o'er his first-born;
Then Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When the helmeted foeman shall stride o'er the wall,
And TITUS, the Roman, "No quarter!" shall call;
When his horse through your city proud prancing shall steep
In blood, shed without pity, his hoof fetlock deep.
When the temple is crashing in horror and flame,
And the priests are down dashing in anguish and shams—
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Weep for strongholds down batter'd, for vineyards uptorn,
For a nation all scattered, a byword and scorn:
Weep for chieftains still meeting, where'er be their track,
Vile words of base greeting, gyve, gibbet, and rack;
Weep for outrage on woman, for bondage and thrall,
For compassion from no man, and spurning from all:—
So, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep,
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Though, soft-hearted maiden! you now see that I,
Deserted, cross-laden, stagger onward to die;
The cross I am bearing will yet be the gem
For the lofty knight's wearing, the king's diadem.
And the words I have spoken, shall, over the earth,
To the sad and heart-broken of comfort give birth:
Then, Jesusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Now is ended my mission: I answer the call,
I fulfill the condition, of one slain for all!

Though dark seems the story, the moment is near
When, throned in heaven's glory, I beaming appear!
From its light ne'er to sunder, till here am I found,
Amid lightnings and thunder, when the trumpet shall sound:
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Dr. Maginn.

Bearing the Cross.

And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha.—St. John xix. 17.

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
Holiest of sufferers! round thy path of woe,
And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek brow,
My heart was awed; the burden of thy pain
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue shed
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray
Of victory from thy mien! and round thy head,
The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seem'd of the very soul's bright rising born,
To glorify all sorrow, shame and scorn.

And upwards, through transparent darkness gleaming,
Gazed in mute reverence, woman's earnest eye,
Lit, as a vase, whence inward light is streaming,
With quenchless faith, and deep love's fervency;
Gathering, like incense round some dim-veil'd shrine,
About the Form, so mournfully divine!

Oh! let thine image, as e'en then it rose,
Live in my soul forever, calm and clear,
Making itself a temple of repose,
Beyond the breath of human hope or fear!
A holy place, where through all storms may lie
One living beam of dayspring from on high.

Mrs. Hemans.

The Passion of Christ.

When he had scourged him, and the soldiers led him away into the hall called Pretorium, they platted a crown of thorns and put it about his head, and they clothed him with purple, and began to salute him, and bowing their knees, worshiped him, "Hail, King of the Jews!"—St. Mark xv. 15–18.

Hatred eternal, furious revenging,
Merciless raging, bloody persecuting,
Scandalous speeches, odious revilings,
Causeless abhorring;

Impious scoffings by the very abjects,
Dangerous threatenings by the priests anointed,
Death full of torment in a shameful order,
Christ did abide here.

He, that in glory was above the angels,
Changed his glory for an earthly body,
Yielded his glory to a sinful outcast,
Glory refusing.

Me, that in bondage many sins retained
He for his goodness—for his goodness only—
Brought from hell's torments to the joys of heaven,
Not to be numbered;

Dead in offenses, by his aid revived,
Quickened in spirit by the grace he yieldeth:
Sound then his praises to the world's amazement,
Thankfully singing.

*Francis Davidson.**

* His poems were first published in 1602.

The Wine and Myrrh.

And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not.—St. Mark xv. 22, 23.

"Fill high the bowl, and spice it well, and pour
The dews oblivious: for the Cross is sharp,
The Cross is sharp, and He
Is tenderer than a lamb.

He wept by Lazarus' grave—How will He bear
This bed of anguish? and his pale weak form
Is worn with many a watch
Of sorrow and unrest.

His sweat last night was as great drops of blood,
And the sad burden press'd him so to earth,
The very torturers paused
To help Him on His way.

Fill high the bowl, benumb His aching sense
With medicin'd sleep."—O awful is thy woe!
The parching thirst of death
In on Thee, and thou triest

The slumberous potion bland, and will not drink:
Not sullen, nor in scorn, like haughty man
With suicidal hand
Putting his solace by:

But as at first thy all-pervading look
Saw from thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,
Measuring in calm presage
The infinite descent;

So to the end, though now of mortal pangs
Made heir, and emptied of thy glory awhile,
With unaverted eye
Thou meetest all the storm.

Thou wilt feel all, that Thou may'st pity all;
And rather would'st Thou wrestle with strong pain,
Than overcloud thy soul,
So clear in agony,

Or lose one glimpse of heaven before the time.
O most entire and perfect sacrifice,
Renewed in every pulse
That on the tedious Cross

Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way;
Even sinners, taught by Thee,
Look Sorrow in the face,

And bid her freely welcome, unbeguiled
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth:—
And yet not all unsoothed;
For when was joy so dear,

As the deep calm that breathed, "Father, forgive."
Or "Be with me in Paradise to-day?"
And, though the strife be sore,
Yet in His parting breath

Love masters agony; the soul that seemed
Forsaken, feels her present God again,
And in her Father's arms
Contented dies away.

John Keble.

The Crucifixion.

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn,
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! How the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! Down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend.

Hark! With what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced his mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come youth! Come hoary hairs!
Come rich and poor! Come all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come! fall before his cross
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesus! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

Lyra Catholica.

It is Finished.

CHRIST has done the mighty work,
  Nothing left for us to do
But to enter on his toil,
  Enter on his triumph too.

He has sowed the precious seed,
  Nothing left for us unsown;
Ours it is to reap the fields,
  Make the harvest joy our own.

His the pardon, ours the sin,—
  Great the sin, the pardon great;
His the good and ours the ill,
  His the love and ours the hate.

Ours the darkness and the gloom,
  His the shade-dispelling light;
Ours the cloud and his the sun,
  His the day-spring, ours the night.

His the labor, ours the rest,
  His the death and ours the life,
Ours the fruits of victory,
  His the agony and strife.

Horatius Bonar.

It is Finished.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished:" and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.—St. John xix. 30.

"It is finished!" All is done
As the Eternal Father willed;
Now his well-beloved Son
Hath his generous word fulfilled;
Even he who runs may read
Here accomplished what was said,
That the woman's promised seed
Yet should bruise the serpent's head!

"It is finished!" Needs no more
Blood of heifer, goat, or ram;
Typical, in days of yore,
Of the one incarnate Lamb!
Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Thou the curse of sin hast braved;
Braved and borne it—not in vain:
Thou hast died—and man is saved.

"It is finished!" Wrath of man
Here hath wrought and done its worst;
Still subservient to His plan,
Greatest, Wisest, Last, and First!
God shall magnify His praise
By that very act of shame;
And through hatred's hellish ways,
He shall glorify His name.

"It is finished!" From the tree
Where the Lord of Life hath died,
His attendant mourners, see,
Gently lower The Crucified!
With a sister's tender care,
With a more than brother's love,
Manhood, womanhood are there,
Truth's devotedness to prove.

"It is finished!" By the veil
Of the temple, rent in twain;
By the yet more fearful tale
Of the dead uprisen again;
By that dense and darkened sky,
By each rent and rifted rock,
By that last expiring cry,
Heard amid the earthquake's shock!

"It is finished!" Bear away
To the garden-tomb its dead:

Boast not, Death! thy transient prey;
Watchers! vain your nightly tread;
"*Shining ones*" are there who wait
Till their Lord shall burst his prison,
To ascend in glorious state:—
"IT IS FINISHED!" CHRIST HATH RISEN.

Bernard Barton.

Jesus, our Love, is Crucified.

His mother can not reach his face;
  She stands in helplessness beside,
Her heart is martyred with her Son's,—
  Jesus, our love, is crucified!

What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
  By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;—
  Jesus, our love, is crucified!

Found guilty of excess of love,
  It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;—
  Jesus, our love, is crucified!

O come, and mourn with me awhile;
  See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come, and let us mourn with her;—
  Jesus, our love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for him,
  While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look, how patiently he hangs,—
  Jesus, our love, is crucified!

Faber.

He Saved Others.

When scorn and hate, and bitter, envious pride
Hurled all their darts against the crucified,
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them, and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou can'st not raise them from thy thorn-crowned brow,
Nor on them thy parched lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead had stirred;
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it had a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all thou hadst deep tones of sympathy:
Hast thou no word for this thine agony?
Thou pitied'st all; doth no man pity thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and thy wounds unstaunched must bleed;
Hast thou no balm for this thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from thee could rend the sky;
One word from thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us!

Hymn to Christ on the Cross.

Hail! thou head, so bruised and wounded
With the crown of thorns surrounded,
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Wounds, which may not cease to bleed,
Trickling faint and slow;
Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now;
All the flower of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead;
Thou, before whose presence dread,
Angels trembling bow.

All thy vigor and thy life
Fading in this bitter strife;
Death his stamp on Thee has set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there;
Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne;
Me, unworthy, all for me!
With those signs of love on thee,
Glorious face, appear!

Yet in this Thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd think of me;
From whose lips of life divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows.
All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me thy head incline,
Let that dying head of Thine,
In mine arms repose!

Let me true communion know
With thee, in Thy sacred woe;
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with thee on Thy cross;—
'Neath it will I die!
Thanks to thee with every breath,
Jesus, for thy bitter death;
Grant thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour I pray,
Jesus come without delay,
See and set me free!

When thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul be near,
With thy saving Cross appear,
Shew Thyself to me!

St. Bernard.

"Who is He?"

And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.—St. Luke xxiii. 33.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?—
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?—
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

H. H. Milman.

His Own Received Him Not.

Surely, if such a thing could be,
The best of sunlight fell on thee;
The softest of the stars of night
Shed down on thee its sweetest light.

Surely, if such a thing could be,
Noon kept its gentlest rays for thee;
The lightest of the winds of morn
Across thy weary brow was borne.

The freshest dew that eve e'er shed,
Fell in its coolness on thy head;
The fairest of the flowers that bloom,
Reserved for thee their rich perfume.

Yet, though this earth which thou has made,
Its best for thee might hourly spread,
And though, if such a thing might be,
The best of sunlight fell on thee;—

Man had no love to give thee here,
No words of peace, no look of cheer;
No tenderness his heart could move;
He gave thee hatred for thy love.

Thy best of love to him was given,
The freest, truest grace of heaven;
His worst of Hatred fell on thee,
His worst of scorn and enmity.

Life, as its gift for him, thy love
Brought in its fullness from above;
Death, of all deaths the sharpest, he,
In his deep hate, prepared for thee.

O love and hate! thus face to face
Ye meet in this strange meeting-place!
O sin and grace, O death and life,
Who, who shall conquer in this strife?

"Father, forgive," is love's lone cry,
While hatred's crowd, cries "Crucify,"
How deeply man his God doth hate!
God's love to man, how true and great!

Love bows the head in dying woe,
And hatred seems to triumph now;
Life into death is fading fast,
And death seems conqueror at last.

But night is herald of the day,
And hate's dark triumph but makes way
For love's eternal victory,
When life shall live, and death shall die.

Horatius Bonar.

Mary at the Cross.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.—St. John xix. 25.

By his gibbet, she who bore him
Stood in tears; while, trickling o'er him,
Piteously the blood-drops stole.
Grief and woe her bosom harrow;
Lo! the seer's prophetic arrow
Now indeed "hath pierced her soul."

See how sorrowful and lonely
Stands that mother, while her only
Blessed Son in torture hangs!
Man's redemption the achievement,
But how bitter the bereavement;
How acute the mother's pangs!

Is there one, whose heart so leaden,
Cold indifference could deaden
At that scene of wondrous woe—
To behold that sainted being
Anguished beyond measure, seeing
What our Lord must undergo?

Such the price of man's transgression,
Such the godlike intercession
Of her wounded, dying Son!
Whom she watches, broken-hearted,
Till his spirit hath departed—
Till the deed of blood is done.

Blessed Mary! let me share in
Thy affliction; let me bear in
Thy o'erpowering grief some part:
Let me in thy sorrows mingle;
Let devotion, pure and single,
For thy Son possess my heart.

Holy mother! grant this favor:
Let the sufferings of my Saviour
Sink into my bosom's core;
Let me dwell with deep affection,
Sad and frequent recollection,
On the torments that he bore;

Let me sorrow with thee truly;
Let me bear my portion duly
Of his cross, and while I live,
Stand in spirit by his gibbet,
Grief and love with thee exhibit,
Sympathy and homage give.

Virgin mother! purest maiden!
While thy heart with grief is laden,

Mine a true compunction needs;
Be the death of Christ aye present
To my thoughts, and urge incessant
On to penitential deeds.

Let the cross guard and protect me,
Through the paths of life direct me;
Through the sufferings of Christ
May I, when this clay shall moulder,
Of God's vision a beholder,
Joy with thee imparadised!

"*Stabat Mater.*"

The Passion.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.—St. Luke xxiii. 44.

City of God! Jerusalem,
Why rushes out thy living stream?—
The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman in his pride, are here;
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
There rush the bridegroom and the bride;
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The old, the young, the bond, the free;
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn;—from height to height
Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious in their central shower,
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Looks a new risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!
Against them shall come forth a wail:
And woe to bridegroom and to bride!
For death shall on the whirlwind ride;
And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine!

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep;
They see destruction's funeral pall
Blackening o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies roar:
They see in Sion's hall of state
The sign that maketh desolate,
The idol standard, pagan spear,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall: the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain;
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears;
Jerusalem a vanished name,
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood,

But on the murderers' furious van,
Who totters on? A weary man;
A cross upon his shoulders bound,
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary,
What slave upon that hill must die?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,
Must be the mountain vulture's food?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name;
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned,
No vengeance flashes from the eye.
The sufferer calmly waits to die:
The sceptre reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven;
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee!
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee!

The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour;
For this had blazed the prophet's power;
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored;
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness, earth itself a dream;
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid,
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade;
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on thy anguish, King of kings!

Still from his lips no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom;
No earthquake burst, no angel brand
Crushes the black, blaspheming band:
What say those lips by anguish riven?—
"God, be my murderers forgiven!"

He dies, in whose high victory,
The slayer, Death himself, shall die.
He dies, by whose all-conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The god and tempter of this world.

He dies, creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word!
To come in thunder from the skies;
To bid the buried world arise;
The earth his footstool, heaven his throne;—
Redeemer! may thy will be done!

The Star of Calvary.

It is the same infrequent star,—
  The all-mysterious light,
That like a watcher, gazing on
  The changes of the night,
Toward the hill of Bethlem took
  Its solitary flight.

It is the same infrequent star,
  Its sameness startleth me:
Although the disc is red as blood
  And downward, silently,
It looketh on another hill,—
  The hill of Calvary!

Nor noon, nor night; for to the west
  The heavy sun doth glow;
And, like a ship, the lazy mist
  Is sailing on below;
Between the broad sun and the earth
  It tacketh to and fro.

There is no living wind astir;
  The bat's unholy wing

Threads through the noiseless olive trees,
Like some unquiet thing
Which playeth in the darkness, when
The leaves are whispering.

Mount Calvary! Mount Calvary,
All sorrowfully still,
That mournful tread, it rends the heart
With an unwelcome thrill;
The mournful tread of them that crowd
Thy melancholy hill!

There is a cross, not one alone,
'Tis even three I count,
Like columns on the mossy marge
Of some old Grecian fount;
So pale they stand, so drearily,
On that mysterious Mount.

Behold, O Israel! behold,
It is no human One,
That ye have dared to crucify.
What evil hath he done?
It is your King, O Israel!
The God-begotten Son!

A wreath of thorns, a wreath of thorns!
Why have ye crowned him so!
That brow is bathed in agony,
'Tis veiled in every woe;

Ye saw not the immortal trace
Of Deity below.

It is the foremost of the Three;
Resignedly they fall,
Those death-like, drooping features,
Unbending, blighted all:
The Man of Sorrows, how he bears
The agonizing thrall!

'Tis fixed on thee, O Israel!
His gaze!—how strange to brook;
But that there's mercy blended deep
In each reproachful look,
'Twould search thee, till the very heart
Its withered home forsook.

To God! to God! how eloquent
The cry, as if it grew,
By those cold lips unuttered, yet
All heartfelt rising through,
"Father in heaven! forgive them, for
They know not what they do!"

Hawthorne.

The Burial.

Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. —St. Mark xv. 43.

At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
Deep in thy darksome bed;
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone,
Thy sacred form is gone;
Around those lips where power and mercy hung,
The dews of death have clung
The dull earth o'er Thee and thy foes around,
Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters wound.

Sleep'st Thou indeed? or is thy spirit fled,
At large among the dead?
Whether in Eden bowers thy welcome voice
Wake Abraham to rejoice,
Or in some drearier scene thine eye controls
The thronging band of souls;
That, as thy blood won earth, thine agony
Might set the shadowy realm from sin and sorrow free.

Where'er Thou roam'st, one happy soul, we know,
Seen at thy side in woe,
Waits on thy triumph—even as all the blest
With him and Thee shall rest.
Each on his cross, by Thee we hang a while,
Watching thy patient smile,
Till we have learned to say, "'Tis justly done
Only in glory, LORD, thy sinful servant own."

Soon wilt Thou take us to thy tranquil bower
To rest one little hour,
Till thine elect are number'd, and the grave
Call thee to come and save;
Then on thy bosom borne shall we descend,
Again with earth to blend,
Earth all refined with bright supernal fires,
Tinctured with holy blood, and wing'd with pure desires.

O come that day, when in this restless heart
Earth shall resign her part,
When in the grave with Thee my limbs shall rest,
My soul with Thee be blest!
But stay, presumptuous—CHRIST with thee abides
In the rock's dreary sides;
He from the stone will wring celestial dew,
If but the prisoner's heart be faithful found and true.

John Keble.

The Dirge.

And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts and returned.—St. Luke xxiii. 48.

Erewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,
Where with the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My muse with angels did divide to sing;
But headlong Joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliving night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero tried in heaviest plight,
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

He sovran Priest stooping his regal head,
That dropped with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies,—

Oh what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings otherwise are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound:
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of Grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe:
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have washed a wannish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood,
There doth my soul in holy visions sit
In pensive trance, and anguish and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock,
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,

And here through grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighborhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

John Milton.

The Women of Jerusalem.

Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."—St. John xx. 17.

Like those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam
Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,
Such by the Cross doth your bright lingering seem,
Daughters of Zion! faithful to the last!
Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth cast
By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,
E'en till away the heavenly spirit passed,
Stood in the shadow of his agony.
O blessed faith! a guiding lamp, that hour,
Was lit for woman's heart; to her, whose dower
Is all of love and suffering from her birth;
Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through strife,
Bidding her bind each tendril of her life,
To that which her deep soul hath proved of holiest worth.

Weeper! to thee how bright a morn was given
After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,
Thrilled with immortal tones the silent air!

Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
As the deep sweetness of one word could bear,
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bowed
By strong affection's anguish!—one low word—
"*Mary!*"—and all the triumph wrung from death
Was thus revealed! and thou that so hadst err'd,
So wept and been forgiven, in trembling faith
Didst cast thee down before th' all-conquering Son,
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won!

Then was a task of glory all thine own,
Nobler than e'er the still small voice assigned
To lips in awful music making known
The stormy splendors of some prophet's mind.
"Christ is arisen!" by thee to wake mankind,
First from the sepulchre those words were brought!
Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind
First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—
"*Christ has arisen!*"—Thou, *thou*, the sin-enthralled,
Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransom'd one, wert called
In human hearts to give that rapture birth;
Oh! raised from shame to brightness!—there doth lie
The tenderest meaning of His ministry,
Whose undespairing love still own'd the spirit's worth.

Mrs. Hemans.

Mary at the Sepulchre.

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turned herself, and saith unto him, "Rabboni," which is to say, Master.—St. John xx. 16.

When vengeance on her victim's head
Her seven-fold vials sternly shed;
When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betrayed, denied, forsook;
Then woman, meekly constant still,
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill;—
Yes, followed where the boldest failed,
Unmoved by threat or sneer;
For faithful woman's love prevailed
O'er helpless woman's fear.

In sorrow and in peril tried,
She was the last to quit his side;
And when the bloody scene was closed,
And low in dust her friend reposed,
The first was she to seek his tomb,
With balm of Araby's perfume:
She fondly thought that honored form
To rescue from the loathsome worm;
And little dreamed, how death in vain
Had cast his adamantine chain

O'er one who came his might to quell,
Even in his gloomiest citadel:—
And high reward her zeal hath won;—
"Woman!" she started at the tone;—
"Mary!" she turned—beheld—adored—
'Twas He to life and her restored.

Thus on the pure and patient mind,
Quiet its joy, in grief resigned,
Fraught with rich blessings from above,
Beams the benignant smile of love;
E'en as the lake's unruffled breast
Makes pillow for the sunbeam's rest,
While waves, in wild disorder driven,
Roll dark beneath the clearest heaven.
Oh woman! though thy fragile form
Bows like the willow to the storm,
Ill suited in the unequal strife,
To brave the ruder scenes of life;
Yet, if the power of grace divine,
Find in thy lowly heart a shrine,
Then, in thy very weakness, strong,
Thou winn'st thy noiseless course along;
Weaving thy influence with the ties
Of sweet domestic charities,
And softening haughtier spirits down
By happy contact with thine own.

I. Hankinson.

The Love of Mary.

For she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.—St Luke vii. 47.

Love is not of the Earth!
  A ray that issued from the Throne of Heaven
First warmed it into birth!
  And then to dwellers of the dust 'twas given;
Their pearl of price, their gem of peerless worth,
  Ere from blest Eden's shade their first frail Sire was driven.

But love, the pure, the bright,
  Hath lost on earth its glory, and hath fled
To his own realms of Light;
  Scarce lingering o'er the unforgotten dead,
Where in the lonely place of tombs by night,
  The mute, fond prayer is breathed—the silent tear is shed.

Love is no more divine,
  Save when it seeks the Source whence first it came—
Forsakes its mortal shrine,
  And, like the prophet, on a car of flame
Mounts to the Holiest! Such, dear Saint! was thine,
  When thine expiring Lord endured the cross of shame!

Thou didst not heed the cry
Of Myriad voices, clamoring fierce for blood;
The truest turned to fly,—
The boldest quailed,—but firm the weaker stood!
Thy heart endured to watch his agony,
Unawed by scoffing priests and warriors fierce of mood.

Yea, when his parting groan
Smote, like Death's fearful summons, on thine ear,
Thou didst not seek alone
Idly to shed the fond yet fruitless tear;—
By thee the last sad cares of love were shown—
Composed the stiffening limbs, and spread the decent bier.

They laid him in the tomb—
Thou followedst still—and morning's earliest ray
And midnight's latest gloom
Still found thee watching where the Saviour lay;
The earth was there thy bed, the cave thy home,
Till the sealed grave was rent—the stone was rolled away.

The Victor Victim rose—
And what, true Saint, was then thy meet reward?
The eye that watched his woes
Was first to hail the rising of the Lord!
O when were tears so pure, so blest as those
Which gushed, when at his feet she knelt—gazed—wept—adored!

Thomas Dale.

The Resurrection.

And behold there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it.—St. Matthew xxviii. 2.

Cold is the midnight air,
Judea's vine-clad heights in silence lie,
And dark yon rugged cliffs their shadows fling
Across the olive glens, in softness veiled,
Beneath the silver beams of the pale moon.

Jerusalem, too, in solemn silence lies,
Though thronged throughout her halls with num'rous guests,
Now met as in the holier days gone by
To keep the Paschal Festival.

But hark! there is a sound! What footstep dares
Intrude on spot so sacred? Who disturbs
The quiet of the grave? a grave that could
Alone afford repose to Him whose life
Had been one lasting tempest of rebuke,
And scorn, and bitterness, and blackest hate,
A mystery of abandonment and woe!
Who dares approach? unless some priceless friend,

Whose agony and love scorns all restraint,
And at the noon of night seeks the lone tomb,
To raise the linen shroud, and gaze, and weep
On the pale mangled corpse, now cold and mute
As the cold rock on which his head doth rest.
Is it the noiseless step—the smothered sigh
Of holy friendship, seeking e'en in death
To hold communion with the loved and lost!
No—'Tis the martial clank of steel-clad men,
The measured tread of Roman sentinels,
Who sullen pace the private garden-paths,
And watch the tomb of Jesus. Wherefore thus
Do hoary warriors stand in consultation?
And why are signs of dread so visible
On those stern countenances, long inured
To buffet with life's storm, and smile in scorn
At what the gods might doom in duty's path?
Does death not hold secure enough his prey,
That these become his allies?—

Make all secure!
Let rocks be sealed, and men of war be placed
At every avenue, with lance and sword,
To guard the still domain. Let the keen eye
Of the young soldier fix its fiery glance
On the mysterious shrine; while near him stands
The laureled veteran, with scrutiny
Intense as the red lightning. And let Hell
Spread her embattled hosts—the viewless ranks
Of principalities, and powers, and thrones,

Be ready for the charge, and all combine
To keep imprisoned in that dark above,
The murdered corpse of the poor Nazarene!

Oh, earth and heaven! What dread convulsion shakes
The adamantine pillars, that have reared
Their dark volcanic heaps against the sky,
So many ages! See, the rocks are rent,
And opening wide disclose their secret depths,
In all the frightful grandeur of their form!
What mighty thunderings wake this peaceful dawn,
With voice more dreadful than the deafening roll
Of Cæsar's conquering chariots!—And ye men,
Ye men of blood and valor, who have stood
Unblanched on battle-fields, and heard unmoved
The tumult of ten thousand dying groans,
Why stand ye thus with terror-stricken brow,
And rolling eye, and lip as ashy white
As that of some weak, helpless woman!
And why beneath the corselet heaves so wild
Stout hearts that never quaked for man or fiend?
The white-robed messengers of Heaven's high King
Are hovering o'er your heads; while near you now,
Within that Sepulchre, is going on
A mystery. . . . . .
No human hand may feel the first warm throb
That stirs beneath the shroud. No eye may view
The mantling bloom of reawakened like
Spread o'er that pallid countenance—
But now he lives.

Mitchell

He is Risen.

The tomb is empty; would'st thou have it full?
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay;—
O! weak in faith, O! slow of heart and dull,
To doat on darkness and shut out the day!

The tomb is empty; he who three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God;
He who for death gave death, and life for life;
Our heavenly kinsman, our true flesh and blood;
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel where on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid his weary head;
This was to him the very gate of heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, he to whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here death had reigned; into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends; the rock-barred door
Is open wide, and the Great Prisoner gone;
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison
Is shattered, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, he is risen who is the first and last;
Who was and is; who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death he now is passed,
Of the one glorious church the glorious Head.

The tomb is empty; so, ere long, shall be
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose;
They died with him who died upon the tree,
They live and rise with Him who lived, and rose.

Death has not slain them; they are freed, not slain.
It is the gate of life, and not of death
That they have entered; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved ;
For death can only what is death's destroy ;
And when this earth's short ages have revolved,
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain
And mortal weariness is over now ;
Youth, health and comeliness return again,
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest,
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

Horatius Bonar.

The Walk to Emmaus.

And they said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?"—St. Luke xxiv. 32.

Abide with us—the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And as the ling'ring twilight fades,
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

Abide with us—the night is chill;
And damp and cheerless is the air;
Be our companion, Stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.

Abide with us—thy converse sweet
Has well beguiled the tedious way;
With such a friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate thy longer stay.

Abide with us—for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
Like balm thy honied accents flow,—
Our wounded spirits feel their power.

Abide with us—and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

Abide with us—and still converse
Of Him who late on Calv'ry died;
Of Him the prophecies rehearse;
He was our friend they crucified.

Abide with us—our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

Abide with us—we feel the charm,
That binds us to our unknown friend:
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, Stranger, let thy wand'rings end.

Abide with us:—to their request
The Stranger bows, with smiles divine;
Then round the board the unknown guest
And weary travelers recline.

Abide with us—amazed they cry,
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head.

Abide with us—thou heavenly Friend,
Leave not thy followers thus alone:
The sweet communion here must end,—
The heavenly visitant is gone!

Thomas Raffles.

Meeting of the Disciples.

"Are the gates sure?—is every bolt made fast?—
No dangerous whisper wandering through?
Dare we breathe calm, and, unalarmed, forecast
Our calls to suffer or to do?"
O ye of little faith! twelve hours ago,
He whom ye mourn, by power unbound
The bonds ye fear; nor sealed stone below
Barred Him, nor mailed guards around.

The Lord is risen indeed! His own have seen,
They who denied, have seen His face
Weeping and spared. Shall loyal hearts not lean
Upon his outstretched arm of grace?
Shine in your orbs, ye stars of God's new Heaven,
Or gathered or apart, shine clear!
Far, far beneath the opposing mists are driven,
The Invisible is waiting near.

Williams.

The Incredulity of Thomas.

But he said unto them, "Except I shall see in his hands the prints of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe."—St. John xx. 25.

Still doth that spirit linger upon earth;
Still the vain doubt has in delusion birth.
We hesitate, we cavil, we deny,
And ask, though all things answer in reply;
All nature echoes with one mighty Yes,
And only man will not his God confess.
Yet read him in his works, yon radiant sea,
Glassing the heaven's blue tranquillity;
Noon on the waters, noon within the skies,
No cloud to shadow, and no wave to rise.
Now is thy triumph, man, unroll the sail,
Like the white meteor, glancing on the gale;
Go ride the billows, sweep before the wind,
And say, this is the mastery of the mind:
I gave those planks their shape to cut the seas,
I taught that canvass how to catch the breeze,
I guide the helm which tracks the pathless brine,
The work of my own hands the ship is mine.

'Tis early evening, round the sinking sun
The shadowy clouds have gathered one by one;
The waves are running high, and o'er them sweep
The spectral sea-birds, phantoms of the deep;
Over their pale white wings the surges break,
And with the wild wind blends their wilder shriek.
The mighty tempest rushes o'er the main
With thunder, and with lightning, and with rain.
The strong ship trembles; to the deep they throw
The thunder that was destined for the foe.
The tall mast falls, as once before it fell,
When came the woodman to the forest dell.
In vain, the billows whelm the sinking prow;
O, man, art thou the lord of ocean now?

But let us trace him in some milder form
Than the dread lessons of the sea and storm;
It is the end of March, and, over earth,
Sunshine is calling beauty into birth.
There is a fragrance on the soft warm air;
For many the sweet breaths now floating there.
The snowdrop is departed, that pale child,
Which at the spring's bright coming seems exiled.
Cold, like a flower carved on a funeral stone,
Born with the snows, and with the snows is gone.
And, in its place, daises, rose-touch'd, unfold—
Small fairies, bearing each a gift of gold;
And violets, like a young child's eyes of blue
Ah, spring and childhood only know that hue;
The violet wears a dimmer shade; the eye
Grows tear-stained, as the year and life pass by.

But now the wheat and grass are green, therein
The grasshopper and lark their nests begin;
The purple clover round them, like a bower.
Now doth the apple tree put forth its flower,
Lined with faint crimson; the laburnum bends
'Neath the bright gold that from each bough descends:
Her graceful foliage forth the ash has flung;
The aspen trembles: are its leaves so young
That the sweet wind doth scare them, though it bear
No ruder breath than flowers breathe through the air?
A lulling sound where thyme and wild-heaths blow,
Tells that the bee has there its Mexico.
One note of natural music, that which now
Haunts the deep grass, the sky, the brook, the bough.
Deep in the woodland sits the thrush and sings,
The sunshine dancing on its dusky wings,
When the wind stirs the branches, and a ray
Lights the dim glades scarce conscious of the day.
Are not these beautiful, these hours which bring
Its leaves and flowers, its breath and bloom to spring?
And yet, proud man, what hast thou here to do?
Owes it one leaf, one breath, one bloom to you?
Almighty God! and if thou couldst depart,
And leave no image in the darken'd heart,
What hope would be for earth, to soothe or save,
Life, a brief struggle ending in the grave.
No soul to elevate our wretched dust,
No faith to triumph in its sacred trust,
First fever, then oblivion, and the tomb,
Eternal and unconquerable gloom.

"Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief."
Let there be hope in toil, and joy in grief;
Teach us on nature's glorious face to look,
As if it were thine own immortal book;
Teach us to read thee in thy works, and find
There evidence of thine Almighty mind.
Keep us, till in the grave, with hope divine,
We sink, rejoicing that we now are thine.

Miss Landon.

The Fishermen of Tiberias.

And he said unto them, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find."—St. John xxi. 6.

Night, throned on sombrous clouds, sat royally
Ruling the realms of air—alone she sat,
For, pallid with their watch, the stars had sunk
And lay in slumber, curtained by the mists,—
The pallid mists of the awakening day.
The moon had waned: and all was gathering gloom
And solemn silence—silence! still as death,
Save when the moaning of the sleepless sea—
The sea that groaned like one who lies alone
Sick, feeble, helpless, petulant with his pain—
Arose monotonously to her quiet ear.
A bark lay rocking on the waves. For hours
The sea had broken on her bow; and lulled
By the eternal sameness of the sound,
Her crew lay slumbering.
Slowly in the east
A mellow haze crept o'er the sleeping sky,
Faintly at first, and gray; but soon it bore
Another aspect, and a roseate blush
Brightened the cheek of morn.
The crew arose,
And sad and wearily put forth their nets,

For they were fishers; but in vain—in vain—
And they desponded. From the dusk of eve,
And through the night had they pursued their toil
Alone—alone upon that silent sea!
And now day woke, and they had not withal
To break their fasts.
"Come, brothers, once again,"
Said Simon Peter, once again throw forth,
For why should we despond? we can but die;
And dying, we shall sooner claim the crown
For which we strive. Our perils are but spurs
To urge us onward. What though we are driven
Like beasts before the hunter, hiding us
In dens like them:—they chasten us, these woes!
And suffering them we shall the worthier be
To suffer like our Master! Once again
Courage and throw!'"
They rose and threw the nets.
When, as before, they drew them to the land
They were again as empty as before:
And murmuring sorely they sat down in woe.
Day now had risen, and, as from the shore
The floating mists were lifted, wave o'er wave,
To wane in air, upon the sands there stood
A man of stately presence—one, whose brow
Bore on its breadth a more than mortal grace,
And more than mortal seemed he as he stood
There, with the radiance of the rising sun
Trembling and fluttering on his golden hair.
When they beheld him, they in fear beheld,

Trembling and pale, for they knew not but that
The stranger was a spy, who sought to give
Their forms to stripes, to prison, and to death.
But when his voice, loud, clear and clarion-like,
Fell on their ears, saying,—"My children, lo!
Have ye of meat?" their fear dropt from them, as
The scales in old fell from the leper's limbs,
And in their joy they spake—joy mixed with grief:
"Alas! no, Master, no: meat we have none."
Once more the stately stranger: "Cast again
Your nets, and on the right side of the ship.
And ye shall find!"
And lo! they cast again,
And, when they strove to raise their nets, they saw
That they were full, so full they could not lift
The unwonted weight, and, pausing for a breath,
They leant in silence, wondering! Then said John,
He whom the Saviour when alive, most loved,
"IT IS THE LORD!"
O! suffering souls that strive,
Be not borne down by sorrow; look aloft,
For morn will come, and with the morn comes joy.
The feeble only fail, the weak in heart,
The soft of soul; the strong are ever strong,
And, like the eagle, spread their nervous wings,
And through the storm, unheeding rain or snow,
The thunder's crashing or the lightning's flash,
Soar to the skies; so shall it be with ye.
Look upward, striving ever, and your goal
Is glorious Eden by God's golden throne.

Henry B. Hirst.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

Jesus saith to Simon Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?"—St. John xxi. 15.

"Lovest thou me?" I hear my Saviour say:
Would that my heart had power to answer—"Yea;
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above,
And earth beneath; Thou knowest that I love."
But 'tis not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, can not love thee as I ought;
Thy love must give that power, thy love alone;
There's nothing worthy of thee but thine own;
Lord, with the love wherewith thou lovedst me,
Reflected on thyself, I would love thee.

James Montgomery.

The Resurrection.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and was carried up into heaven.—St. Luke xxiv. 51.

Soft cloud, that while the breeze of May
Chaunts her glad matins in the leafy arch,
Draw'st thy bright veil across the heavenly way,
Meet pavement for an angel's glorious march:

My soul is envious of mine eye,
That it should soar and glide with thee so fast,
The while my groveling thoughts half buried lie,
Or lawless roam around this earthly waste.

Chains of my heart, avaunt, I say—
I will arise, and in the strength of love
Pursue the bright track ere it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to his home above.

Sure, when I reach the point where earth
Melts into nothing from th' incumbered sight,
Heaven will o'ercome th' attraction of my birth,
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light:

Till resting by th' incarnate Lord,
Once bleeding, now triumphant for my sake,
I mark him, how by seraph hosts adored
He to earth's lowest cares is still awake.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on his word: and yet he stays his ear
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

He listens to the silent tear
For all the anthems of the boundless sky—
And shall our dreams of music bar our ear
To his soul-piercing voice for ever nigh?

Nay, gracious Saviour—but as now
Our thoughts have traced Thee to thy glory-throne,
So help us evermore with Thee to bow
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan.

We must not stand to gaze too long,
Though on unfolding Heaven our gaze we bend,
Where lost behind the bright angelic throng
We see CHRIST'S entering triumph slow ascend.

No fear but we shall soon behold,
Faster than now it fades, that gleam revive,
When issuing from his cloud of fiery gold
Our wasted frames feel the true sun, and live.

Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
For ever fix'd in no unfruitful gaze,
But such as lifts the new created heart,
Age after age, in worthier love and praise.

John Keble.

The Clouds.

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.

I cannot look above and see
  Yon high-piled pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly,
  In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen
  On Israel's desert way
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
  Pavilioned all the day!

Or, of those robes of gorgeous hue,
  Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from his followers' view,
  Aloft his flight he bore;
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
  He curtained his ascent,
And wrapped in clouds, went triumphing
  Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
  Of many-colored dyes,
That high above, o'er mantling all,
  Hangs midway down the skies—

Or borders of those sweeping folds
  Which shall be all unfurled
About the Saviour, when he holds
  His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as he went,—
  My soul, hast thou forgot?—
Shall be his terrible descent,
  When man expecteth not!
Strength, Son of Man, against that hour,
  Be to our spirits given,
When thou shalt come again with power,
  Upon the clouds of heaven!

William Croswell.

The Ascension.

While they beheld he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.—Acts 1. 9.

Bright portals of the sky,
  Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
  With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold:
  Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
  He doth ascend the air,
Straight doth the moon Him shroud
  With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystalled light
  Submits to him its beams,
And He doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
  He did to sun bequeath;

The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The Milky Way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each turning sphere,
That robed in glory Heaven's King may ascend.

Oh well-spring of this All!
Thy Father's image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
All truth, love, beauty, good,—
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given!

What was dismarshaled late
To this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtained the same,
Is now more perfect seen;
Streams which diverted were
(And troubled, stayed unclean)
From their first source, by Thee home-turned are.

By Thee that blemish old,
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exiled from thence,

Now put away is far;
With sword in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradise.

Now each ethereal gate,
To Him hath opened been;
And glory's King in state
His palace enters in;
Now come is this High Priest
To the Most Holy Place,
Not without blood addressed.
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

Stars which all eyes were, late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate
In flaming tongues, their turn.
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And, entheate* from above,
Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The choirs of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet
The spotless spirits of light,
His trophies do extol,

*Divinely inspired.

And arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

Oh, glory of the heaven!
Oh, sole delight of earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth:
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song!

From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did ascend the skies.

*William Drummond.**

*Died 1649.

Ascended into Heaven.

Rise glorious, Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies,—
  Assume thy right;
And when in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through the gates of gold,
  And reign in light!

Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
  The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
  Thou lamb once slain!

Enter incarnate God!—
No feet but thine have trod
  The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Saviour—triumphant—go,
  And take thy crown.

Yet who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
  Can count or say—
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles
A galaxy of souls,
  In white array?

And then was heard afar—
Star answering to star—
  Lo! these have come,
Followers of him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
  Brought safely home!

O Lord, ascend thy throne!
For thou shalt rule alone
  Beside thy sire,
With the great Paraclete
The three in one complete—
Before whose awful feet
  All foes expire.

Egerton Brydges.

From "The Dead Pan."

God's bereaved, God's belated,—
With your purples rent asunder!
Gods discrowned and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder!
Now the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top—
Now Pan is dead.

Calm as eve the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind
Rose up; deepened and swept seaward,
From the piled dark behind:
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the beaches
Fell,—each shuddering on his face—
While departing influences
Struck a cold back through the place:
And the shadow of the ship
Reeled along the passive deep—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,
And sank slow through the air;
Full of spirit's melancholy,
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said—
Pan is dead—Great Pan is dead—
Pan, Pan is dead.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for Love's sake on a cross—
When his brow was chill with dying,
And his soul was faint with loss;
When his priestly blood dropped downward;
And his kingly eyes looked throneward
Then Pan was dead.

By the love he stood alone in,
His sole Godhead stood complete;
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat—
All the false gods with a cry
Rendered up their deity—
Pan, Pan was dead.

* * * * *

Earth outgrows the mystic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth:
And those debonair romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.

Phœbus' chariot-course is run!
Look up, poets, to the sun!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels;
And the whole earth and the skies
Are illumed by altar-candles
Lit for blessed mysteries:
And a priest's hand through creation
Waveth calm and consecration—
And Pan is dead.

Truth is fair; should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God himself is the best poet,
And the real is His song.
Sing his truth out fair and full,
And secure his beautiful.
Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame! to stand in his creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency!—
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling—
When Pan is dead.

What is true, and just, and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure—

All of praise that hath admonished,—
All of virtue shall endure,—
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the muses
Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest truth and fairest beauty.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Pentecost.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.—Acts ii. 2.

My Saviour can it be
That I should gain by losing Thee?
The watchful mother tarries nigh
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye,
For should he wake, and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear;
Without Thee, Heaven were but a wild:
How can I live without Thee here?

"'Tis good for you, that I should go,
You lingering yet awhile below;"—
'Tis thine own gracious promise, Lord!
Thy saints have proved the faithful word,
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far open'd on their eager view,
And homeward to thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowing car went soaring on;
They track'd Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bid'st rejoice; They dare not mourn,
But to their home in gladness turn,
Their home and God's, that favor'd place,
Where still he shines on Abraham's race,
In prayers and blessings there to wait
Like suppliants at their monarch's gate
Who bent with bounty rare to aid
The splendors of his crowning day,
Keeps back awhile his largess, made
More welcome for that brief delay

In doubt they wait, but not unblest;
They doubt not of their Master's rest,
Nor of the gracious will of heaven—
Who gave his Son, sure all has given–
But in ecstatic awe they muse
What course the genial stream may choose,
And far and wide their fancies rove,
And to their height of wonder strain,
What secret miracle of love
Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,
The day of comfort dawns at last,
The everlasting gates again
Roll back, and lo! a royal train—
From the far depths of light once more
The floods of glory earthward pour:
They part like shower-drops in mid air,
But ne'er so soft fell noontide shower,

Nor evening rainbow gleam'd so fair
To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow, of Jesus blest.
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream;
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;
In every heart that gives them room,
They light His altar every day,
Zeal to inflame and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove
They nurse the soul to heavenly love:
The struggling spark of good within
Just smother'd in the strife of sin,
They quicken to a timely glow,
The pure flame spreading high and low.
Said I, that prayer and hope were o'er?
Nay, blessed Spirit! but by Thee
The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,
The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing:
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for Heaven is won by prayer;
Be sober, for thou art not there;
Till Death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee

To walk by faith and not by sight:
  Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
  In the full sunshine of his smile.

Or if thou still more knowledge crave,
Ask thine own heart, that willing slave
To all that works thee woe or harm;
Should'st thou not need some mighty charm
To win thee to thy Saviour's side,
Though he had deign'd with thee to bide?
The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,
  The Dove must settle on the Cross,
Else we should all sin on or sleep
  With Christ in sight, turning our gain to loss.

John Keble.

Characters of the Disciples.

FROM KLOPSTOCK'S "MESSIAH."

Now the last sleep,
Last of his earthly slumbers, gently sealed
The Saviour's eyes. In heavenly peace it came,
Descending from the sanctuary of God
In the still softness of the evening air.
The Saviour slept, and Selia meanwhile
To the assembly with these words approached.
Say who are they, whose eyes, bedimmed with grief,
Silent ascend the mountain? sorrow's hand
Their face has touched, yet harmed not,—ever such
The grief of nobler souls; haply some friend
Wrapt in the silent arms of death they mourn,
Their like in virtue. Then the seraph thus:
Those are the holy twelve, O Selia,
Chosen by the Mediator! Happy we,
Their guardians and their friends. 'Tis ours to hear
Their mighty Master, when with sacred love
His heavenly thoughts he speaks; in eloquence
Majestic, opens heavenly mysteries,
Calls from the skies immortal virtue down,
To walk the earth, and to eternal life

Moulds the responsive heart. Deep knowledge thence
We draw, while his bright precepts prompts our souls
To highest adoration! Selia,
In daily contemplation shouldst thou mark
His noble friendship, life illustrious
In God's own eyes, thy soul would overflow
With joy! delighting even to angel ears
The converse of his followers, when of Him
They oft rejoicing speak! as spirits in Heaven
Each other love, so Jesus they. I oft
Have 'midst our bright beatitudes declared,
And now proclaim, I would that I were born
Of Adam's race! yea, subject even to death,
Could death be sinless! then more worthily
My Saviour should I honor, dearer love
My mortal brother; joyful then for him
Would die, who died for me; while flowed in death
My guiltless blood, and sank my dying eyes,
Him would I praise; my latest sobs, my last
Faint sigh, harmonious as Eloa's strains,
Should reach the Almighty's ear! Then, Selia, thou
With viewless hands shouldst close my dying eyes,
And to God's throne my fleeting spirit bear!
  Then Selia spake. My heart like thine is moved
Man's mortal form to assume! Illustrious band,
Friends of the Mediator; worthy life
Immortal, whom as brethren Jesus loves!
On Golden seats, fast by the living throne,
Hereafter shall ye sit, and judge the earth,
With all her kings! Their names, O seraph, speak,

Recorder in the book of life. Him first
Tell who with eager and inquiring eye
Seeks Jesus in the shadowy grove; resolve,
And in his visage courage reigns; O tell
What noble thoughts inspire his ardent soul?
Him name I Simon Peter, answered then
Orion, of the mightiest he! To him
The Mediator me a guardian chose:
Well has thy tongue described him, but shouldst thou
Behold him listening to the words of Christ,
Or far from him, under my watchful eye,
In slumber wrapt, while visions bright from God
Pass o'er him, then diviner wouldst thou name
His feeling heart. To his disciples once
Jesus thus spoke, Whom think ye that I am?
"Thou art the Christ!" Peter in transport cried,
"Son of the living God!" Seraph, we too
Shed at the blissful words consenting tears:
Yet would that from the Saviour's mouth I ne'er
Had heard these words, "Thou shalt deny me thrice!"
O words of woe! Peter, upon thy heart
Prophetic fell they not? Yet boldly then
Thou criedst, My God and my Redeemer ne'er
Will I abjure! Yet Jesus spake again,
Thou shalt deny me thrice! O didst thou know
How sinks my heart in sorrow at the thought,
Death wouldst thou rather meet than thus betray
In base dishonor, thine immortal Lord!
Even as these fatal words he spoke, there shone
In Jesus' eye the beam of heavenly grace;

And shall thy tongue abjure him? Selia heard
Orion's words, and tender woe transpierced
The seraph's heart! Oh! ne'er, Orion, ne'er
Will he renounce his Saviour and his God;
Those features speak a heart of steadfast truth!
But who is yon, upon whose manly front
Virtue exulting sits, with scornful hate
Of vice, and unappeasable wrath 'gainst those
Who God blaspheme? Is he not Simon's friend,
That thus familiar, with a brother's love,
He greets him? Sefila then, his angel, spoke.
Thou didst not err, O seraph; Andrew he,
And Simon's brother; from their earliest youth
Watch'd by Orion's eye and mine, they led
Their gentle lives together. In the hour
Of infancy, when in their mother's arms
They lay enclasped, I formed my favorite's soul
For that blest love which Christ shall sanctify.
A follower of the prophet, Jesus him
Found by the Jordan stream. Still in his ear
The voice that told of an approaching God
Resounded, when with eyes angelic bright
Jesus beheld and called him: his pure breast
With heavenly fire was filled, as forth he went
His Lord divine to greet!
Libaniel now,
Guardian of Philip, spoke. Him whom thou seest
With the two brothers in fond friendship joined,
Is Philip. On his placid face there dwells
A smile compassionate, and his heart throbs

With love to all the brotherhood of man!
Upon his lips sweet eloquence hath God
Bestowed. As dews distil at dawn from heaven,
As odors from the olive flow, so flow
The words from Philip's tongue.

Selia again:—

But who is yon, with meditative step,
That walks beneath the cedars? In his face
Glows noblest thirst of fame. As one he steps
Of those bright spirits, who to future times
Their labors consecrate; whose living songs
From son to son, from race to race, descend;
Whose fame o'erleaps earth's clime, from star to star
Unbounded soaring; in the praise of God
Who strike the lyre, while angels join the strain
Applauding! Then Adona, seraph, spoke.
Him whom thou seest is James of Zebedee!
His wise ambition unto heaven aspires,
And in the congregation of all men
Before the judgment-seat, in the dread day
Of resurrection, to be deemed of God
And of his Christ worthy the seat of bliss!
To this diviner spirit less renown
Were ignominy! as from far he saw
His Saviour, filled with rapturous joy, he sped
To greet him, as before the eternal throne
He would have hailed him. Erst on Tabor's hill
I saw him, when the messengers of God,
Elias and Moses, to Messiah came
Descending. Gorgeous clouds encompassed all

The mount, and glorified the Saviour stood,
Bright as the mid-day sun his countenance!
His robes of silver light! Then, as of old,
Aaron, the high-priest, to the sanctuary
Hastened to see God's glory, and the seat
Of mercy, and the ark; so hastened James,
Chosen for this bright vision, in the call
Thrice honored. Of the twelve, first martyr he,
So tell the prescient leaves: soon shall he tread
A fairer clime, rejoicing, and his soul
Rest in appeased bliss!
Him whom thou there
Behold'st, Megiddon, his good angel, said,
Is Simon the Canaanite, erewhile
On Sharon's plain a shepherd. From the fields
The Saviour called him. By the gentle course
Of his unspotted life, he won the love
Of Jesus, and with single heart he serves
His Lord; when wearied once the Saviour came
To his low roof, in haste the fatted lamb
He slew, and waited on his Lord in joy,
Blessed thus to see God's prophet at his board
The Saviour gladly ate, as once he ate
At Amri with the angels, in the house
Of Abraham. Come, shepherd, follow me,
The Saviour spoke, and to thy comrades leave
Thy tender flocks; for I am he of whom,
When yet a boy by Bethlehem's fount, thou heard'st
The angels sing!
Yonder my chosen walks,
Seraph Adoram spake; behold the son

Of Alpheus, James, in whose still face is seen
Self-ruling virtue, more by deeds than fame
Ennobled. In the eyes of God to stand
Approved, his only aim; all otherwise
Reckless of mortal, or immortal praise.
Umbial then spoke. Yon Thomas, solitary,
Seeks the umbrageous grove; fervent his soul,
While rapid in his mind thoughts rise on thoughts,
O'erflowing as the boundless sea. Erewhile
In the dark realm of Sadducean dreams
He wandered, but the heavenly miracles
Wrought by the hand of his redeeming Lord
Reclaimed his faith. The labyrinth of doubt
He left, and came to Jesus: yet for him
His Lord were fearful, had not nature joined
To his quick spirit deepest truth of heart,
And virtue eminent!
There Matthew walks,
Said Bildai; upon the idle lap
Of luxury nursed, devoted by his sire
To win the world's wealth, with the groveling crew
Who quench the immortal spirit in the chase
Of riches, bent the ever-swelling hoard
To accumulate. But when he Jesus saw,
A nobler being dawned upon his soul!
Messiah called! he followed, and resigned
To earthly hearts the lust of gold! So called
To seal his country's freedom by his death,
The hero his fair consort's arms forsakes,
And hastens to the field, where God stands armed

In terror 'gainst the unjust! But him not fame,
But the imploring voice of innocence
And suffering freedom, call! The joyful tongues
Of a blest people hail him on his way,
And pity, hovering o'er the bloody war,
Directs his hand, while heaven approving smiles.
Seraph Siona then. Yon pious Sage,
With hoary head, is my Bartholomew!
Friendship adorns his life, and in his breast
Virtue in native beauty reigns, and wins,
From his example fair, the hearts of men!
Many through him shall to the fold of Christ
Be gathered, and with wonder shall behold
The martyr, bleeding in the pangs of death,
Like a bright seraph on his murderers smile.
O heavenly friends, wash from his face the blood
In that sad hour, that all his farewell look
May share, converted to the Son of God!
That youth, so mute and pale, then Elim said,
Is my Lebbeus. His sweet spirit breathes
All gentleness. As in those upper climes,
The abode of souls, ere yet called down to earth,
I sought his spirit, in a lonely vale
I found him, where a stream, soft welling, made
A melancholy music, like a voice
Of woe, if woe in that delicious clime
Were ever known. 'Twas there, as angels tell,
The seraph Abbadona wept, as once
He passed from Eden, and fair Eve beheld,
Mourning her hapless doom. There, too, as well

Ye know, the seraphs oft lament o'er those
Who in their youthful morn bright promise made
Of virtue, but, by pleasure's smile seduced,
Shatter the buds of early hope, thence doomed
To ceaseless woe, while angels mourn their fall
With tears unwept of mortals. Here I found
The soul of my Lebbeus, in thin clouds
Enveloped, and in deep sensation thrilled,
Listening the pensive murmurs, murmurs mute
To earthly beings, yet the mournful sound
Impressed his mortal frame, true to the tone
Of its celestial essence. Him I bore
To earth, laid in the soft lap of a cloud
Of morning. There within a grove of palms,
His mother bore him; from their waving tops
Descending all unseen, the tender babe
I fanned with cooling gales. But even then
He shed, in more than mortal bitterness,
Those tears which earth's frail children, at their birth,
Weep, in sad presage of their future death!
Compassionate in his youth, to every woe
Of man, and sorrow of his friend. So thus
He lived with Jesus. O'er him shall I grieve
When his Redeemer dies; that dreadful hour
Shall fill him with dismay. O Saviour then
Thy pitying hand extend, and bid him live!
Lo! where he comes, with silent steps entranced
In grief; here, seraph, may'st thou him behold,
Of men the gentlest he; and as he spoke,
Approached the mild Lebbeus. The bright throng

Of spirits to the mortal's steps gave way,
Opening their ranks, as move the vernal winds
Before the sad voice of the nightingale,
That mourns her ravished young; then closed they swift,
Encompassing him, like a band of men
Touched at a brother's woe. But he the while
Who deemed himself all solitary, poured
His soul in bitter anguish, o'er his head
Smiting his trembling hands. "Ah me! no more
I find him; one sad day, two mournful nights,
Are sped, and yet he comes not; in their toils
Him have his impious pursuers bound.
Wretched survivor! Shall I live, while death
O'ertakes thee, Jesus? Sinners, in thy blood,
O Son of God, have their red hands imbrued.
Thou diest, and I am far, and may not catch
Thy parting breath, or press thy closing eyes!
Where, traitors, have ye slain him? to what field,
To what wild desert waste, what sepulchre,
'Midst the cold dead, have your hands borne him, then
Robbed him of life? O heavenly friend, thou liest
Pale and disfigured, 'midst the dreary graves!
Silent thine angel smile, and quenched the light
Of thine eyes' bright compassion! far away,
Thy friends lament! would that this bursting heart
Might throb no more, that my sad spirit, steeped
In deepest woe, might sink like yonder cloud
In death's dark night. Despair o'erwhelms my soul."
So mourned he, and his gentle senses fell
In sleep resolved; while Elim o'er him waved,
Soft shadowing, the olive's tenderest boughs;

Then, all unseen, bade breathe delicious airs
Of heaven upon his face, and o'er his head
Shed life and balmy rest. He slept and saw,
Such power the seraph inspired, in holy dream
The Mediator, Godlike, o'er him pass.

With tearful eyes, and looks compassionate,
Selia hung o'er him, when one came in sight,
Ascending, near the graves. O name me yon,
The seraph said, who upon the mountain comes
Majestic towards us? O'er his shoulders broad
Thick flow his raven tresses; stern his face
In manly beauty; in his stature tall,
His fellows all surpassing, and his steps
With dignity pre-eminent! yet friends,
Within his soul there dwells, if err I not,
Disquietude; not that the abode, methinks,
Of honor, yet is he chosen, and shall come
With Christ to judge the earth. ye speak not yet!
Still are ye silent, heavenly friends? your souls
With sorrow have I filled at this surmise,
Forgive me that I erred! and thou forgive,
Holy disciple, and repress thy wrath!
I will atone for this, when thou shalt come,
A martyr in full glory to the heavens!
With tender friendship will I hail thee then,
Before these seraphs, and absolve my fault.

Then to the seraph with deep sighs, and hands
He wrung for grief, Ithuriel turned and spoke:
Must I then answer thee, my friend? alas,
Eternal silence, for my grief, thy peace,

Were preferable. Yet must I speak?
Iscariot is he whom thou seest: these tears
I would not shed, and would unmoved behold,
And shun in holy scorn the reprobate,
Had not Messiah in his early heart
Virtue instilled, and he had led his youth
In innocence, and him had Jesus deemed
Worthy our guardianship. But he, alas—
Yet here I pause, nor add fresh grief to grief!
Remember'st thou when, near the throne of God,
Of the disciples' souls, and of their birth,
We spoke, Eloa, as the nod of him,
The Judge of all, descended mournfully;
And of the golden thrones which to the twelve
Were given, one with a cloud obscured; this was
The cause, and that Iscariot's darkened throne.
Then with veiled countenance, in silent woe,
Gabriel passed o'er me in the dreadful hour
His wretched mother Judas bore. Ah! well
Hadst thou been never born, nor of thy soul
Seraph had ever heard, outcast of God!
Then hadst thou ne'er the friendship of thy Lord,
And the high calling of his saints profaned!
Ithuriel spake, and stood with downcast eyes,
Drooping before the seraph. Selia then—
Thou load'st my heart with grief, and a cold shade,
Like twilight, dims my eyes! and of the twelve
Shall one, and thine Iscariot, profane
The sacred call? This had the immortals ne'er
Conjectured, nor for sorrow e'er had uttered.

Say what his crime? and whence the high dishonor
To Jesus, and to thee, and all the blest?
Ithuriel, speak freely, though my heart
Fail at thy words. O seraph, secret pride
Hath thus his heart revolted: John he hates,
Since he of all most honor from his Lord
Hath won! His Lord himself he hates, though scarce
His heart avows it; in unhappy hour,
Deep in his soul, though once so pure, dire thirst
Of gold found entrance. Blinded thus, he deems
To John 'twill be vouchsafed first to behold
The Mediator's kingdom, and the rich
First-fruits thereof to gather. This have I
Oft heard him in his solitary walks
Lament; and once,—long will the horrid sight
Live in my eyes, and steep my heart in woe,—
I saw him through Benhinnon's valley pass,
Though racked his mind with impious wishes filled.
Joyless, in meditations sad I stood,
And, as I raised my eyes, Satan beheld
Departing from Iscariot. Me he passed
With bitter scorn, and condescending smile,
Contemptuous. Now is Judas' heart so torn
By passion's gust, some dreadful deed I fear
May hurl him to perdition! God of light!
Oh that thine awful hand on hell's dark rock
Had Satan bound in adamantine gyves,
That the immortal spirit, formed for life
Eternal, from her sad revolt might now
Return, that worthy of her heavenly birth,

And the creating voice of God which breathed
Her immortality, and called her forth
To the discipleship, invincible
She might arise, and like a seraph bright
Amid the dreadful panoply of Heaven
Abash the grim destroyer!
Selia then.—
Ithuriel, what deems the Mediator
Of his lost follower? His benignant eye
Yet bends he on him? Doth he love him still?
How manifest his heart compassionate?
Selia, thou urgest me, Ithuriel said,
And I must all confess, else better hid,
Even from the angels! Jesus loves him still!
With God-like friendship, not with empty words,
But looks of fervent love, as late he sate,
With his disciples, at the frugal board
Familiar, to Iscariot he spoke:
Alas! thou wilt betray me! Lo, where now
Judas approaches us, no more these eyes
Shall view the traitor. Seraph, let us haste.
So spake Ithuriel, and fled; and him
Selia in sorrow followed; nor remained
John's sacred angel, Salem, a bright youth;
For Jesus to his loved disciple John
Had given two holy guardians, Raphael,
One of the seraphs, the chief.
Now hastening, sped
To Jesus midst the tomb, Ithuriel,
And Selia, and them, with looks of joy,
Soon Salem joined, and held them in embrace

Of tenderness; soft glowed his countenance,
Serene in gladness, and his forehead fair
Beamed with immortal light; and as the gates
Of the loved morning in the tide of spring
Opening, fresh incense breathe, so from his mouth
Fell the soft words, in sweetest eloquence.
Seraphs, no more lament, for midst yon tombs,
Near Jesus, stands his loved disciple, John!
Behold him, and forget Iscariot!
As an immortal, by his Lord he walks!
His Lord to him his heart divine unveils,
And oft with him sweetest communion holds;
As Gabriel and Eloa's friendship, or
The love which Abdiel, Abbadona bore,
While yet he lived in God's allegiance;
Such is the love Messiah bears to John!
Nor he unworthy, for no fairer spirit
On mortal man by the Creator's breath
Was e'er bestowed, than the unspotted soul
Of this disciple; the immortal birth
I witnessed, while bright bands of seraphim
Thus bade sweet welcome to their sister soul:
"Hail to thy fair creation, deathless friend,
Blest daughter of the breath of God, O thou
Beauteous as Salem, and as Raphael bright;
From thee shall flow divinest thoughts, as dew
From clouds of morn descend, and thy pure heart
With transport melt, as angel eyes, that shed
O'er some ennobled deed enraptured tears.
Blest daughter of the breath of God, fair soul,

Sister to that bright spirit that erst breathed
In Adam in his innocence: thee now
To thy fair body, formed by Nature's hand,
We will conduct, and on thy face shall beam
A smile expressive of its heavenly guest!
In beauty shall thy body rise, like that
Which one day shall the eternal Spirit form
From his adored Christ, most beautiful
Of all on earth, of all of Adam's sons
The fairest; yet in dust that form, so fair,
Must perish! But thy Salem, midst the dead,
Shall seek thee, and thy name shall glorify
When thou awakest; when incorruptible,
Crowned in new beauty, through careering clouds,
His hand shall guide thee to a blest embrace
From thy loved Saviour, judge of all the earth!"
Such was the strain sung by the heavenly choir,
So Salem, and with silent tenderness
The seraphs o'er the loved disciple stood.
So stand three brothers o'er a sister fair,
In fondness gazing: on soft bedded flowers
She sleeps in angel beauty, ignorant
Of her blest father's hour of death; while they,
Won by her silent loveliness, delay
To break her golden slumbers.

Roscoe.

Our Saviour's Prayers.

PREAMBLE.

High Priest for sinners, Jesus Lord!
Whom as a man of griefs I see,
Thy prayers on earth while I record,
If still in heaven thou pray'st for me,
My soul for thy soul's travail claim:
I seek salvation in thy name.

PART I.

Baptized as for the dead he rose,
With prayer, from Jordan's hallow'd flood:
Ere long, by persecuting foes,
To be baptized in his own blood:
The Father's voice proclaimed the Son,
The spirit witnessed;—these are one.

Early he rose ere dawn of day,
And to a desert place withdrew,
There was he wont to watch and pray,
Until his locks were wet with dew,
And birds below, and beams above,
Had warned him thence to works of love.

At evening when his toils were o'er,
He sent the multitudes away,
And on the mountain or the shore,
All night remained alone to pray,
Till o'er his head the stars grew dim:—
When was the hour of rest for him?

In field or city when he taught,
Oft went his spirit forth in sighs:
And when his mightiest deeds were wrought,
To heaven he lifted up his eyes;
He prayed at Lazarus' grave, and shed
Tears, with the word that waked the dead.

When mothers brought their babes, he took
The lambs into his arms, and prayed;
On Tabor, his transfigured look,
While praying, turned the sun to shade,
And forms too pure for human sight,
Grew visible amidst his light.

"O Father! save me from this hour,
Yet for this hour to earth I came:"
He prayed in weakness; then with power
Cried, "Father! glorify thy name."
"I have," a voice from heaven replied,
"And still it shall be glorified."

PART II.

For Peter, bold in speech and brave
In act, yet in temptation frail
(As once he proved him on the wave),
He pray'd lest his weak faith should fail;
And when by Satan's snare enthrall'd,
His eye the wanderer recall'd.

Amidst his mournful family,
Who soon must see his face no more,
With what divine discourse did he
Strength to their fainting souls restore!
Then pray'd for all his people:—where
Have words recorded such a prayer?

Next, with strong cries and bitter tears,
Thrice hallow'd he that doleful ground,
Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
His sweat like blood-drops fell around,
And being in an agony,
He prayed yet more earnestly.

Here oft in spirit let me kneel,
Share in the speechless griefs I see,
And while *he* felt what I should feel,
Feel all his power of love to me,
Break my hard heart, and grace supply
For him who died for me to die.

Stretched on the ignominious tree
For those whose hands had nail'd him there,
Who stood and mock'd his misery,
He offer'd up his latest prayer;
Then with the voice of victory cried,
"'Tis finish'd!" bow'd his head, and died.

Then all his prayers were answered;—all
The fruits of his soul's travail gained;
The cup of wormwood and of gall
Down to the dregs his lips had drain'd;
Accomplish'd was the eternal plan;
He tasted death for every man.

Now by the throne of GOD he stands,
Aloft the golden censer bears,
And offers with high-priestly hands,
Pure incense with his people's prayers:
Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
And says to each request, "'Tis done."

James Montgomery.

Jerusalem.

The days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around.—Luke xix. 43.

Sad thought, that from the lorn funereal mount,
Whereon a victim God thou didst behold,
Once more returnest, with thy downcast front,
Weeping vain tears!—O, whither dost thou hold
Thy wayward course, and, 'midst yon mournful plain,
What scene of grief and terror dost unfold?

Lo! the vast hills their laboring fires unchain,
Whilst from afar the ocean's thunders roar;
Lo! the dark heavens above lament in rain
The mortal sin; and, from her inmost core,
Earth, tremulous and uncertain, rocks with fear,
Lest the abyss her ancient deluge pour.

Ah me!—revealed within my soul I hear
Prophetic throbs, the signs of wrath divine,
Tumultuous as though Nature's end was near
I see the paths of impious Palestine;
I see old Jordan, as each shore he laves,
Turbid and slow, towards the sea decline.

Here passed the ark o' th' covenant, and waves
Rolled backward reverent, and their secrets bared,
Leaving their gulfs and their profoundest caves.
Here folded all the flock, whose faith repaired
To Him, that Shepherd whom the all-hoping one
'Midst woods and rocks to the deaf world declared.

Him, after labors long, the glorious Son,
The Lord of Nazareth, joined, and, quickly known,
Closed what his great precursor had begun.
Then sudden through the serene air there shone
A lamb, and lo! "This is my Son beloved!"
From the bright cloud a voice was heard to own.

River divine! which then electric moved
From out thine inmost bowers to kiss those feet,
Blessing thy waters with that sight approved:
Tell me, where did thy waves divided meet,
Enamored,—and, ah! where upon thy shore
Were marked the footsteps of my Jesus sweet?

Tell me, where now the rose and lilies hoar,
Which wheresoe'er the immortal footsteps trod,
Sprang fragrant from thy dewy emerald floor?
Alas! thou moanest loud, thy willows nod,
Thy gulfs in hollow murmurs seem to say,
That all thy joy to grief is changed by God.

Such wert thou not, O Jordan, when the sway
Of David's line, along thy listening flood,

Portentous signs from heaven confirmed each day.
Then didst thou see how fierce the savage brood
Of haughty Midian and proud Moab's line,
Conquered and captive, on thy bridges stood.

Then Sion's warriors, listed round her shrine,
Gazed from their towers of strength, and viewed afar
The scattered hosts of the lost Philistine;
Whilst, terror of each giant conqueror,
Roared Judah's lion, leaping in his pride,
'Midst the wild pomp of their barbaric war.

But Salem's glory faded, as the tide
Of waves that ebb and flow, and naught remains
Save a scorned word for scoffers to deride.
The splendor of Mount Carmel treads her plains,
The Saviour of lost Israel now appears,
And faithless Sion all his love disdains.

The Proud One would not that her prophet's tears
Should be remembered, nor the voice inspired,
Which, wailing for her wrong, late filled her ears;
When, with prophetic inspiration fired,
The cloud that forms the future dark disguise
Fled, and unveiled the lamb of God desired.

Daughter of foul iniquity; the guise,
Of impious Babylon did thy garment make,
And on the light of truth sealed up thine eyes.
But he, that God, dishonored for thy sake,

Soon shalt thou, in omnipotent disdain,
Behold him vengeance for his Son awake.

Under his feet the heavens and starry train
Tremble and roll; the howling whirlwinds fly,
Calling each tempest-winged hurricane,
Chanting its thunder-psalm throughout the sky;
And, filled with arrows of consuming fire
His quiver he hath slung upon his thigh.

As smoke before the storm's ungoverned ire,
The mountains melt before his dread approach,
The rapid eye marks not the avenging fire;
Whilst, burning to remove the foul reproach,
Now from Ausonia's strand the troop departs
On the inviolate temple to encroach.

Cedron afar the murmur hears, and starts;
But, lifting not to heaven his trembling font,
Though Siloa's slender brook confounded darts.
Now scorning to attire with splendor wont
Thy plains, the sun eclipses, and the brand
God from the sheath draws on thy impious front.

I see his lightnings flash upon the band
Of armies round thy synagogue impure,
Thine altars blazing as the fires expand!
I see where War, and Death, and Fear, secure,
'Midst the hoarse clang of each terrific sound,
Gigantic stalk through falling towers obscure!

Like deer, when sharp the springing tigers bound
Upon their timid troop, thy virgin trains
And sires unwarlike every fane surround,
With glaring eyeballs and distended veins,
Forth desperation flies from throng to throng,
And frantic life at his own hand disdains.

Disorder follows fast, and shrieks prolong
The hideous tumult. Then the city falls,
Avenging horribly her prophet's wrong.
Amidst the carnage, on the toppling walls,
Howls and exults and leaps wild Cruelty,
And priest and youth and age alike appals.

With naked swords and through a blood-red sea,
Flowing around the mountains of the dead,
Victorious rides the insulting enemy.
The flames, the buildings, temple, soon o'erspread
With divine fury, and the heavens despised
Smile on the horror which their tempest bred.

Thus with foul scorn, dishonored and disguised,
The conquering Latin eagles bore enchained
Jerusalem's disloyal ark chastised;
And she now lies with frightful footsteps stained,
Buried 'midst thorns and sand, and the hot sun
Scares the fierce dragons where her Judge once reigned.

Thus when from heaven the fatal bolt hath done
Sad desolation in some glorious wood,

Striking the boughs which upward highest run ;
Though scorched and burnt, still o'er its neighborhood
Majestic towers aloft the giant oak,
As poised by its own ponderous weight it stood,
Waiting the thunder of a second stroke.

From the Italian of Viango Monti.

The Restoration of Israel.

King of the dead! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath! how long thy outcasts weep!
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Israel steeped her bread in tears;
The vials on her head been poured—
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword.
'Tis done! Has breathed thy trumpet blast:
The tribes at length have wept their last!
On rolls the host! From land and wave
The earth sends up th' unransomed slave!
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky;
The world within their hearts has died;
Two thousand years have slain their pride!
The look of pale remorse is there,
The low, involuntary prayer;
The form still marked with many a stain—
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground;
The slave by Indian suns embrowned;
The weary drudges of the oar,
By the swart Arab's poisoned shore;

The gatherings of earth's wildest tract—
On burst the living cataract!
What strength of man can check its speed?
They come!—the Nation of the Freed?
Who leads their march? Beneath his wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!
Before their tread his trump is blown,
Who speaks in thunder and 'tis done!
King of the dead! oh! not in vain
Was thy long pilgrimage of pain;
Oh, not in vain arose thy prayer,
When pressed the thorn thy temples bear!
Oh, not in vain the voice that cried,
To spare thy maddened homicide!
Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed.
They come!—the Host of the Redeemed!
What flames upon the distant sky?
'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye,
'Tis not the lightning's quivering spire,
'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.
And now, as nearer speeds their march,
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;
Though there has burst no thunder-cloud,
No flash of death the soil has ploughed,
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze;
Still as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.
Scenes! that the patriarch's visioned eye
Beheld, and then rejoiced to die;—

That like the altar's burning coal,
Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul;—
That the throned seraphs long to see,
Now given, thou slave of slaves, to thee!
Whose city this? what potentate
Sits there?—The King of time and fate!
Whom glory covers like a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
Whom shapes of fire and splendor guard!
There sits the Man "whose face was marred,"
To whom archangels bow the knee—
The Weeper in Gethsemane!
Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel,
For now thy withered heart can feel!
Ay, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,
There sits thy glory and thy shame!

George Croly.

The Saviour's Second Coming.

When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
  When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away;
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
  Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
  And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven, his presence own, all red with furnace heat.
    The hundred-gated cities, then,
    The towers and temples, named of men
      Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
    The gilded summer palaces,
    The courtly bowers of love and ease,
      Where still the bird of pleasure sings:
    Ask ye the destiny of them?
    Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
  'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled,

The skies are shriveled like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair,
In the sky's azure canopy:
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.
Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide sceptered monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and true thou still wilt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within th' unharming fire!
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem!

H. H. Milman.

A Litany.

Saviour! when in the dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O! by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of wants and tears,
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread permitted hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power.
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept—
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode—

By the anguished tear that told,
Treachery lurked within thy fold—
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies,
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral tone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry,
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant.

Palestine.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia s mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley: where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son.

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princess of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet in the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod:
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where His blessings were heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills he toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone! — but, in glory and power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

John G. Whittier.

The First and Second Coming.

Bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the dayspring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowded nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odors bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Marked ye, where hovering o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendor drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not armed in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes!—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony?
Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!

* * * * * *

Yet shall she rise; but not by war restored;
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword;
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise; thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bands, and cast his cords away;
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and, ye valleys sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest Heaven He lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess the awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun, nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light:
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;

Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

Reginald Heber.

The Voice in the Wilderness.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord make straight in the desert a highway for our God.—ISAIAH xl. 3.

HARK! through the desert wilds, what awful voice
Swells on the gale, and bids the world rejoice?
What Prophet form, in holy raptures led,
The gray mists hov'ring o'er his sacred head,
Prepares on earth Messiah's destined way,
And hastes the mighty Messenger of Day?

Lo! echoing skies resound the gladsome strain;
"Messiah comes! ye rugged paths, be plain;
The Shiloh comes! ye towering cedars bend;
Swell forth, ye valleys; and, ye rocks, descend;
The wither'd branch, let balmy fruits adorn,
And clust'ring roses twine the leafless thorn;
Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell—
The God of Peace redeems his Israel."

How beauteous are the feet of those who bear
Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!
Far from the mountain's top they lovelier seem
Than moonlight dews, or morning's rosy beam;

Sweeter the voice than spell or hymning sphere,
And list'ning angels hush their harps to hear.

Roused at the solemn call, from all her shores,
Her eager tribes, behold, Judæa pours!
Though scarce the morn asserts her doubtful sway,
And doubtful darkness still contends with day,
I see them rush, like rolling surges driv'n,
Or night-clouds riding o'er the glooms of heav'n.
There waves the white robe through the dusky glade,
Here passing helms gleam dreadful through the shade,
Faint o'er the cliffs the fading torchlight plays,
And dying watch-fires fling their sullen blaze;
Fly the scared panthers from their pierced retreats,
While Salem, wondering, mourns her desert streets.

Why crowd ye cities forth? some reed to find,
Some vain reed trembling to the careless wind?
Or throng ye here to view, with doting eye,
Some chieftain stand in purple pageantry?
Such dwell in kingly domes—no silken form
Woos the stern cliff, and braves the mountain storm.
What rush ye there to seek? some Prophet-Seer?
One mightier than the Prophets find ye here—
The loftiest bard that waked the sacred lyre.
To him in rapture pour'd his lips of fire;
Attuned to him the voice of Sion fell—
Thy name, Elias, closed the mystic shell.
Alas! how dark a flood of woes and crimes
Since that dread hour, has whelm'd the fateful times!

How oft has Israel's Ark, by tempests toss'd,
Sent forth her raven's wing, and found no coast!
Now fairer scenes her kindling eye discerns,
With hope's green branch the welcome dove returns,
And, gladly soaring past the prospect drear,
Hails the bright star* that tells the dayspring near.

Yes! surely born to more than mortal power,
Glory hath marked him from his earliest hour;
Offspring of age, on wings of radiance borne,
A warning Angel told his natal morn;
Hail'd by prophetic matrons to the earth,
The speechless spake, to bless him at his birth;
Sweet was the strain, when first, with fond surprise,
The hoary parent kiss'd his infant eyes;
From his rapt lips the spell of silence broke,
And inspiration thrill'd him as he spoke.

Such was his birth! nor less august appears
The wondrous fate that led his rising years;
For lo! sequester'd from the haunts of men,
Deep to the stillness of some shaggy glen,
Where vice and folly faded from his view,
The lonely youth, impell'd by Heav'n, withdrew—
There, near some brook, that dash'd in murmurs by,
The rock his pillow, and his roof the sky;
Clad in such savage robes as deserts yield,
His food the wild sweets of the flowery field,

*St. John is called the Morning Star to the Sun of Righteousness.

Grave, pensive, bold, majestic, undefiled,
To holy manhood dwelt Devotion's child;
Descending angels blest his rude abode,
He drank the hallowing flame, he felt the inspiring God.

Oft, ere the dawn had tinged the tallest steep,
And man and nature still were hush'd in sleep,
High o'er yon ridge, in darkness would he stray,
To muse and wonder till returning day.
Watch-tower sublime! There, as the morning bright
Swell'd from dim chaos into life and light,
Threw its broad beams o'er waste and misty wood,
While rock and fortress, lake and glist'ning flood
Burst in full blaze of splendor to the skies—
To loftiest thoughts his kindling soul would rise;
Till, proudly soaring past this world of man,
The mortal sunk, and Heaven itself began,—
So rapt he stood, that oft revolving night
Found him, unconscious, on the mountain's height;
In vain the tempest, round his 'fenceless head,
Flung all its fires, its wildest torrents shed;
The shelt'ring robber saw his clouded form,
And fled—to shun the Genius of the Storm.

Past are those hours! Along the silent dews
His lonely walk no more the sage pursues;
With gestures wild, rude garb, and speaking eye,
An air of strange and dreadful majesty,

See! forth he comes, his holy office given,
Herald of Christ, high harbinger of Heav'n.
Hark! how the rocks his warning voice resound,
And Jordan's caverns tell the strain around;
While poor and rich, the soldier and the sage,
The bloom of youth, and hoary locks of age,
In gathering crowds, Messiah's name adore,
And rush, all trembling, to the sacred shore.

How changed the scene! Are these the realms of dread.
Which wand'ring footsteps scarcely dared to tread?
Where midnight lions roam'd the forests rude,
And all was wild and frightful solitude?
Now, lone no more, where'er it winds along,
The lucid stream reflects a listening throng;
True to the life their grouping shadows glide,
And ev'ry passion paints the breathing tide.
See! young Amazement starting, as if light,
Just glanced from Heaven, had caught his dazzled sight,
While Faith's full eyes their tranquil homage raise,
And ev'ry feature fixes into praise.
There kindling Hope with ardent look appears;
Here soften'd Sorrow smiling through her tears;
While timid Shame, as if herself address'd,
Blushes to hear, and sinks behind the rest.

But yet, not all unfeign'd, Devotion brings
The drink of life at Jordan's hallow'd springs;
Haggard and pale, their limbs all torn and bare,
Not such you Essenes from their cave repair;

A gloomy race, attempting Heaven in vain,
By wanton griefs, and voluntary pain:
Their sullen breasts no gleam of sunshine cheers,
Blaspheming Mercy by eternal tears.

And base the joy yon Sadducees can know,
Sense all their bliss, and pain their only woe:
Worms of a day, and fetter'd to the dust,
They own no future dread, no heav'nly trust,
But vacant come the passing scene to scan,
And steal his bright pre-eminence from man.

Far other those, by solemn mien confest,
Broad scrolls of scripture blazon'd o'er the breast,
Who throng around the Seer, with fiend-like joy,
List'ning to mock, and tempting to destroy—
Saints in the crowd, a heavenward look they wear,
But Mammon mingles with their purest prayer;
Theirs the proud hope to sway Religion's rod,
Zealots of form, yet traitors to their God.

"And is it ye," the indignant Prophet cries,
Bright lambent terrors streaming from his eyes,
"Oh race of vipers, ye! who timely come,
To fly the thunders of impending doom?—
Repent, repent; now think no more to plead
Your sacred race, and Abraham's chosen seed.
Behold, He comes! in power and judgment, forth,
Who looks with equal eyes on all the earth;

Whose piercing glance can read the soul within,
And wind the darkest labyrinths of sin:
He comes! see! stooping from the realms of day,
The Lamb of God, to wash your crimes away.
I lave with water; but his hands inspire
The Holy Spirit, and baptize with fire."

The sage hath ceased—and mark, how pale to hear
Mute Expectation stands, and Awe, and Fear!
Guilt starts confess'd, and looks, with hopeless eye,
To view descend some vengeful deity.
But who is he, majestic, mournful, mild,
Bright as a god, yet lowly as a child,
Who meekly comes the sacred rite to crave,
And add fresh pureness to the crystal wave?
Well may'st thou tremble, Baptist; well thy cheek,
Now flush'd, now pale, thy lab'ring soul bespeak!
'Tis He, the Christ, by every bard foretold!
Hear him, ye nations, and, ye heav'ns, behold!
"The Virgin-born, to bruise the Serpent s head,
The Paschal Lamb, to patient slaughter led,
The King of kings, to crush the gates of Hell,
Messiah, Shiloh, Jah, Emmanuel!"
See! o'er his head, soft sinking from above,
With hov'ring radiance hangs the mystic Dove:
Dread from the cloud Jehovah's voice is known,
"This is my Son, my own, my well-loved Son!"

Baptist, rejoice; thy gifted eyes have seen
The brightest hour of man, since time hath been;

By thee anointed for the ghostly fight,
Heaven's Warrior-Son, assumed his arms of light,
Stern marches forth, his deadly foe to find,
And wage th' immortal battle of mankind.
And thou, oh saint of floods! whose wave hath roll'd,
Pregnant with wonder, from the days of old;
Scene of the hero's deeds, and prophet's song,
Still, Jordan, flow, exulting sweep along;
Bright as the morn from ocean's wavy bed,
From thee Messiah raised his spotless head,
Call'd all his glories forth, and pass'd sublime,
To pour his light o'er ev'ry darkling clime.

'Tis done; and vanish'd, like an airy dream,
The list'ning crowds from Jordan's hallow'd stream,
Primeval Solitude her reign resumes,
And Silence saddens o'er the slumbering glooms—
And Prophet, where art thou? I hear no more
Thy footsteps rustle on the reedy shore,
Nor view thee sit upon the moonlight stone,
Like the pale spirit of the wilds, alone.
Alas! far other scenes await him now;
Far heavier cares oppress his weary brow:
'Mid Salem's court he stands, in virtue's pride,
And guilty Grandeur dwindles at his side.
Yet, Jordan, oft shall Mem'ry's eye review
Thy willowed banks, and hills of distant blue:
There, if the wastes no kingly pomp display,
No festive pleasures crown the jocund day,

Yet Pride, and Avarice, and guilty Fear,
Ambition wild, and dark Revenge are here,—
Passions and Appetites, a fiercer train
Than e'er rushed howling o'er the desert plain.

Still shrinks he not: in conscious virtue bold,
No dangers daunt him, and no toils withhold.
Where yon proud dome the sons of riot calls,
And Salem's nobles crown the gorgeous halls;
Where every charm that wealth and arts supply,
In bright profusion meet the wondering eye;
See, stern, unmoved, in native grandeur great,
The Prophet tow'rs, and breathes the words of fate.
Yes, as he boldly brands each dark offense,
Truth all his arms, his shield but innocence;
See Herod, 'mid his guards, enthroned on high,
In pride of power, in regal panoply
Shrinks 'neath the Hermit's gaze, by conscience stung,
A paler Ahab, from a bolder tongue.

Oh Salem! 'mid the storms that round thee roll,
Frequent and loud, to warn thy slumb'ring soul;
Dashed from thy hand when Judah's sceptre falls,
And the stern stranger rules thy captive walls;
When now, more thrilling than the trumpet's blast,
Elias stands, the mightiest and the last
Of all the sons of prophecy, to tell
That fate comes rushing on thee, Israel:
Say, canst thou still the wing of mercy spurn,
Hearing, be deaf, and seeing, not discern?

Sunk as thou art, and stained with holy blood,
Still wouldst thou madly swell thy guilt's dark flood?

Yet, Baptist, go exulting to thy doom—
Though Rage condemn thee to the dungeon's gloom,
Yon dreary vault, where morn can never break,
Nor evening zephyr fan thy fevered cheek,
For Friendship's voice, in sorrow doubly dear,
Pour its fond music in thy lonely ear—
Yea thine are joys the tyrant never knew;—
Hope's fairest flowers thy rugged couch shall strew,
Thy nights in blissful visions glide away,
And holy musings steal its length from day.

For thee, oh king, to drown corroding care,
Command the feast, and bid the dance be there;
Still 'mid thy blazing halls, in trappings proud,
Affect the god, and awe the flattering crowd.
Yet though the lute and shell and horn prolong
The burst of melody, and swell the song;
Though witching beauty tries each wily art,
And woes and wins and rules thy powerless heart;
What though to heaven thy guilty revels swell,
Far brighter raptures cheer the captive's cell—
Glad is the song consenting tongues record:
"Messiah reigns, high deeds proclaim him Lord.
The deaf can hear, the blind receive their sight,
And wither'd Palsy springs with new delight;
On Pain's pale cheek reviving roses bloom,
And shrouded Death starts wond'ring from the tomb."

Enrapt'ring thoughts! what now demands him more?
His task is done, his holy cares are o'er!
Messiah reigns, believed, confessed, adored,
And earth's remotest clime shall own his word.
Then, tyrant, yield: thy fatal vow fulfill;
Rush, fell enchantress, glut thy vengeful will;
Exhaust th' inventive cruelty of hate,
And learn how virtue triumphs o'er its fate.
Backward he looks with self-approving eye,
Before him smiles bright Immortality;
Forgiving, fearless, calm, he yields his breath,
And mounts to glory on the wings of death.

Reginald Heber.

The Way of Life.

I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.—St. John xiv. 6.

I saw a gate: a harsh voice spake and said,
"This is the gate of Life;" above was writ,
"Leave hope behind, all ye who enter it."
Then shrank my heart within itself for dread;
Words dropped upon my soul and they did say,
"Fear nothing, Faith shall save thee; watch and pray!"
So, without fear I lifted up my head,
And lo! that writing was not; one fair word
Was written in its stead, and it was "Love."
Then rained, once more, those sweet tones from above,
With healing on their wings: I humbly heard,
"I am the Life, ask and it shall be given!
I am the way, by me ye enter Heaven!"

James Russell Lowell.

The True Brotherly Love.

When brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove,
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shared,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpair'd.

Even round the deathbed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover,
And haunt us with no vexing mood,
When all the cares of life are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel
We shall live on, though fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou that would'st grave thy name
  Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
  Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
  Beneath the shadow of his roof,
Till thou have scann'd his features well,
  And known Him for the Christ, by proof.

Such proof as they are sure to find,
  Who spend with him their happier days;
Clean hands and a self-ruling mind,
  Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
  Go, and thine erring brother gain;
Entice him home to be forgiven,
  Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
  Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
  Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading, frail memorial give,
  To soothe his soul when thou art gone,

But wreaths of hope, for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.

John Keble.

Infant St. John.

"The disciple whom Jesus loved."

My soul took wing, and hover'd round
The distant scenes, the hallow'd ground
Where once the King of Heaven was found
A form of earth to wear:
The woes he bore, the love he taught,
The death he slew, the life he brought,
In one o'erwhelming flood of thought
Roll'd on, and bow'd me ther

I walked the groves of Galilee;
I stood in spirit by the sea,
And mused of him, here call'd to be
My Saviour's bosom friend:
Of him who gave, among the few
Who follow'd Christ, the flower and dew
Of life to him: of things he knew,
And thought, and saw, and penn'd.

These glorious wonders pondering o'er,
I search'd the past for something more;
und that now deserted shore,
My solemn fancy roved:

Her eye grew curious now, to trace
The lineaments of peace and grace,
That mark'd the bud—the infant face
Of him whom Jesus loved.

When lo! a lovely vision smiled
Before me, in a beauteous child,
With aspect sweet, with eye so mild,
So deep, so heavenly bright,
The spirit seem'd, with beams divine
To kindle up, and fill the shrine,
As, through a dew-drop clear, will shine
A ray of morning light.

Though rude my lines, my spirit faint,
And faithless here my hand to paint
The beauties of that infant saint
Which there my vision bless'd,—
I knew it was the fisher's son,
By whom such mighty works were done,
Who lean'd on Jesus' breast.

Hannah F. Gould.

Nathanael.

Jesus answered and said unto him, "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou?—St. John i. 50.

Hold up thy mirror to the sun,
And thou shalt need an eagle's gaze
So perfectly the polish'd stone
Gives back the glory of his rays.

Turn it, and it shall paint as true
The soft green of the vernal earth,
And each small flower of bashful hue
That closest hides its lowly birth.

Our mirror is a blessed book,
Where out from each illumined page
We see one glorious image look,
All eyes to dazzle and engage.

The Son of God: and that indeed
We see Him as He is, we know,
Since in the same bright glass we read
The very life of things below.

Eye of God's Word! where'er we turn,
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze:

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

"What word is this? Whence know'st thou me?"
All wondering cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart.

The veil is raised; who runs may read;
By its own light the truth is seen,
And soon the Israelite indeed
Bows down to adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,
At once, not shamefaced or afraid,
Owning him God, who so could scan
His musings in the lonely shade;

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,
Which by his household fountain grew,
Where at noonday his prayer he made,
To know God better than he knew.

Oh happy hours of heavenward thought!
How richly crown'd! how well improved!
In musing o'er the law he taught,
In waiting for the Lord he loved.

We must not mar with earthly praise
What God's approving hand hath seal'd;
Enough, if right our feeble lays
Take up the promise he reveal'd.

"The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright—
Shall see things greater, things divine.

"Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide,
'Twixt God above and Christ below."

So still the guileless man is blest;
To him all crooked paths are straight;
Him, on his way to endless rest,
Fresh ever-growing strengths await.

God's witnesses, a glorious host,
Compass him daily like a cloud;
Martyrs and seers, the saved and lost,
Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

Yet shall to him the still small voice,
That first unto his bosom found
A way, and fix'd his wavering choice,
Nearest and dearest, ever sound.

John Keble.

Jacob's Well.

The disciples marveled that he talked with the woman.—St. John iv. 27.

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,
His daughters linger'd round this well, new made;
Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;—
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
Come up, as ever, to the light of day;
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those few words of truth first uttered here,
Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;

The hour for God's true worshipers draws near;
Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art;
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged—*Truths* never pass away.

James Freeman Clarke.

The Miraculous Draught.

Now, when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." And Simon, answering, said unto him, "Master we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word, I will let down the net."—St. Luke v. 4, 5.

How long o'er the lake hung the shadows of night
That fell from the brow of the mountain around!
And pale gleamed the moon in her palace of light,
While scarcely was heard through the welkin a sound.

All bootless their toil, and their sigh filled the gale,
When blushed on the highlands the dawning of day;
In silence and sadness they spread their white sail,
And hied on the face of the waters away.

But who on that shore moves majestic along?
His eye beaming mercy—his arm clothed with might!
How he holds in suspense the wondering throng,
While they hang on his lips, all entranced with delight!

How calmed are the billows! how stilled is the breeze!
Earth, water, and winds, him their Sovereign confess;
E'en the birds hush their chorus amidst the tall trees,
And the children of sorrow forget their distress.

None lose by the Saviour ; once more at thy word
The nets are extended beneath the blue sea ;
The tribes of the wide weltering waves own their Lord,
And hasten to pay their allegiance to thee.

C. East.

The Pool of Bethesda.

Jesus saith unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked.—St. John v. 8, 9.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
From dewy morn, to silent glowing eve;
While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly tread
Of heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread:
Why wilt thou die?

At his approach, once more the troubled wave
Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone;
Once more called forth its boasted power to save,
Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirits feel a deeper grief,
When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
His wasted limbs experience no relief;
No help he knows!

Healing, and strength, and cure for all his woe,
May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
Yet all unable he one step to go;
No cure for him!

No friend is watching there, whose anxious love
For him prompt access to the pool can win,
Soon as the angel did the waters move,
Others stepped in!

Oh ye! who idly pass unheeding by,
Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,
Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
Or, shipwrecked, watch, as we all helpless lie,
Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far, to him who reads aright
The story of our being's end and aim,
The *spirit* darkened 'mid surrounding light,
By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain;
The dead soul, fettered by the films of vice,
Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure
Oh! aid thy brother, ere he helpless sink,
To work his cure!

Hopeless, and helpless, vainly did HE turn
For help or pity to the busy throng;
Yet found them both in ONE, whose heart did burn
With love, how strong!

Bernard Barton.

Bethesda.

Around Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given—and gone!

No power had he, no friendly aid
To him its timely succor brought,
But, while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there
  Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care,
  Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His power divine to made them whole.

But habit and tradition swayed
  Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only hoped the angel's aid,
  While in their presence stood unknown,
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
  No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
  Which with its healing waters went;
But he whose word surpassed its wave
Is still omnipotent to save.

Saviour! thy love is still the same
  As when the healing word was spoke;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
  Dwells power to break the strongest yoke!
O! be that power, that love displayed!
Help those whom thou alone canst aid!

Bernard Barton.

Christ in the Storm.

And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, "Lord save us: we perish."—St. Matthew viii. 25.

Where deep Tiberias rolls her waves,
The lowly fisher's bark was gliding;
The winds were hushed within their caves;
And gayly on the waters riding,
Was seen the bark of Galilee,
A speck upon that summer sea.

But deep and hollow murmurs came,
That heralded the tempest waking,
The gathering cloud and flickering flame,
And thunders in the distance breaking,
The storm's first drops and fitful breeze,
That curled the bosom of the seas.

And wild and high the billows rose,
Fearful in strength and proudly foaming;
Starting like maniacs from repose,
Or dark and heartless plunderers roaming;

With ruffian grasp they bore away
That thing of nought, their sport and spray.

Now, trembling on the mountain surge,
Now, dashed amid the deep's commotion,
Now, hurried as the tempests urge,
Swift as the sea-bird o'er the ocean,—
Now, fluttering o'er the dark abyss,
As wearied with its wretchedness.

Despair came o'er the sailor's brow,
Amid the whirlwinds fiercely sweeping;
But One was slumbering on the prow,
Like peace amid the tempest sleeping—
Whom, cradled on their foamy crest,
The angry waves had rocked to rest.

The mariners, 'mid storm and gloom,
And high upon the breaking billow,
Turned, as for refuge from the tomb,
And knelt and prayed around his pillow:
Wake! Master, wake! our bark is gone:
And hope remains with thee alone.

Serene as Deity he stood—
The friend of man—the angel's wonder—
Girt with the attributes of God,
To calm the wave and hush the thunder:
The stormy vassals of his will
Heard but their Lord, and all was still.

"Peace! be still!" The whirlwinds fled—
The conscious billow shrunk before him;
While nature all her glories shed,
And smiling, hastened to adore him;
Man, trembling heard the omnific Word,
And silently confessed his Lord.

R. Brown.

Little Children Blessed.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—St. Mark x. 14.

It was the sunset hour—and thousands came
From the lone villages and distant hills
Of far off Galilee, to meet the Lord—
Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,
That he might lay his sin-subduing hand
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

* * * * * *

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,
A Galilean mother brought her child,
In its young loveliness—its laughing eyes
Dancing in dewy light—and kneeling, prayed
A benediction from those sinless lips
Upon the cherub beauty of the babe—

But the disciples with officious zeal
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke—
"Why troublest thou the Master?"
Jesus heard,
And in displeasure turned his radiant eye
With a reproving glance on him that spake;
Then in a voice of calm authority,
With gentle accents briefly thus replied—
"Suffer these little ones to come to me,
Nor let them be forbidden—for of such
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in his arms,
And gently, with his blessed hand, put back
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;
And, bending o'er it, pressed his holy lips
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe—
Making the brow of childhood, from that hour,
A thing of holiness—the only shrine
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bowed his anointed head, and with his blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race—
And blessed they! who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years;
Teaching with pious care, the dawning light
Of infant intellect to know the Lord:

Thrice blessed they! who guide, with gentle hand,
The timid steps of childhood in that path
Which, rightly trodden, leads the wanderers home,
Where they shall meet the teachers and the taught,
On that blest Sabbath, which shall have no end,

C. Huntingdon.

The Ruler's Faith.

"Come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." And Jesus arose and followed him, and so did his disciples.—St. Matthew ix. 18, 19.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick:
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Turns pale as marble. Hark! that hollow moan,
Which none may soothe, and then the last faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder.
Deep the wail
That speaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond parent's heart. A withered flower
Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope
Solaced itself with garlands, and beheld
New buddings every morn.
Father, 'tis o'er!
That voice is silent which had been thy harp,
Quickening thy footsteps nightly toward thy home,
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
Even with thy temple worship,
Should deal with God alone.

What stranger-step
Breaketh the trance of grief! Whose radiant brow
In meekness and in majesty doth bend
Beside the bed of death?
"She doth but *sleep;*
The damsel is not *dead.*"
A smothered hiss,
Contemptuous, rises from that wondering band,
Who beat the breast, and raise the license wail
Of Judah's mourning.
Look upon the dead!
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids,
What peers beneath their fringes, like the tint
Of dewy violet? The blanched lips dispart,
And what a quivering long-drawn sigh restores
Their rose-leaf beauty. Lo! that clay-cold hand
Doth clasp the Master's, and, with sudden spring,
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
Hides in her mother's bosom. Faith's strong root
Was in the parent's spirit, and its fruit
How beautiful!
Oh, mother! who doth gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep,
Which threats the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To thy Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
Or when at night her clustering tresses sweep
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
Or to the meshes of an early love

Yields her young heart, be eloquent for her,
Take no denial, till the gracious hand,
Which raised the ruler's dead, give life to her,
That better life, whose power surmounts the tomb.

L. H. Sigourney.

The Transfiguration.

Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.—St. Matthew xvii. 1, 2.

Hail! King of Glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright!
Hail, light's divinest galaxy!
Hail, express image of a Diety!
Could now thy faithful spouse thy beauties view,
How would her wounds all bleed anew!
Lovely thou art all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentile's light.

But whence this brightness, whence this sudden day?
Who did thee thus with light array?
Did thy divinity dispense
To its consort a more liberal influence?
Or did some curious angel's chymic art
The spirits of purest light impart,
Drawn from the native spring of day,
And wrought into an organizéd ray?

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine;
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:
The sun and his bright company,
Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee:
Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,
But to thy will thine own dost owe;
For (as at first) thou didst but say,
"Let there be light," and straight sprang forth this
wondrous day.

Let now the Eastern princes come and bring
Their tributary offering.
There needs no star to guide their flight;
They'll find thee now, great King, by thine own light.
And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
And follow this bright guide of fire.
Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,
Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems sing.

*John Norris.**

* Born 1657; died 1711.

The Blind Restored to Sight.

And I went and washed, and I received sight.—St. John ix. 11.

When the great master spoke,
He touched his withered eyes,
And at one gleam upon him broke
The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,
And kings' and prophets' tomb,
And mighty arches, and vaulted halls,
And the temple's lofty dome.

He looked on the river's flood,
And the flash of mountain rills,
And the gentle waves of the palms that stood
Upon Judea's hills.

He saw on heights and plains
Creatures of every race:
But a mighty thrill went through his veins
When he met the human face;

And his virgin sight beheld
  The ruddy glow of even,
And the thousand shining orbs that filled
  The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before
  Had cheered his gloomy night,
But to see the angel form she wore
  Made deeper the delight;

And his heart at daylight's close,
  For the bright world where he trod,
And when the yellow morn arose,
  Gave speechless thanks to God.

John H. Bryant.

The Raising of Lazarus.

Then said Jesus unto them plainly, "Lazarus is dead."—St. John xi. 14.

The sepulchre was gaping wide,
Its closing-stone was rolled aside,
And shuddering crowds pressed round, to win
A sight of the foul scene within.
The charnel-stream, too strong to bear,
Ascended on the healthful air,
And groaning deep for him who slept,
Ev'n Christ stood at the grave—and wept.
He wept!—but *his* was not the tear
Of human grief, on human bier,
That gushes, trustless of to-morrow,
In unassuaged excess of sorrow;
And yet he wept!—though there he stood,
In power's unquestioned plenitude,
While every sacred drop that fell
Was life to death—was death to hell!
But closer now, and closer grew
The press of the surrounding crew,
Who wist not that he came to save,
As he stooped o'er the dead man's grave,

And gazed with self-communing air
For a short space, in silence there;
Nearer he stooped—and yet more near—
Hark! heard ye not, like trumpet clear,
His life-shout in that mouldering ear?
Forth sent the tomb its hidden birth,
For He who called was GOD ON EARTH!

Not faster answers to the flash
Of heaven the illuminated ash,
Than followed that resistless word,
The dead sprang forth before his Lord.
Bound hand and foot with funeral clothes,
In life—in breathing life—he rose,
And cast amid the astonished crowd,
From his freed limbs, the loosened shroud!
Health's crimson light o'erspread his face,
His eye was fire, his step was grace,—
But, like the first framed of mankind,
Ere his full heart might utterance find,
Complete in sense, and limb, and motion,
Absorbed he stood in rapt devotion,
While through each uncollapsing vein
The rushing life-streams burst again.

All turned to Christ—but *him*, with eye
Serenely lifted to the sky,
Symbol, nor sign of outward power,
Distinguished in that holy hour,

His hand yet on the marble rested,
Where late the reveling worm was rife—
And awe-struck multitudes attested,
"THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

Anonymous.

The Entry into Jerusalem.

And the multitudes, that went before and that followed cried, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: hosanna in the highest."—St. Matthew xxi. 9.

Look at his train, the dead are living there;
The lame are in his blessed footsteps bounding;
The blind are gazing on their leader fair;
The deaf, the dumb his perfect praise resounding;
The widow on her raised son is leaning;
The father clasps his daughter roused from sleep;
And broken hearts, through eyes of joyous meaning,
Meet his kind glance who bade them not to weep.

There is no banner waving o'er his head,
But the light blossoms of the palm-tree bending;
Not with rich flowers, or gems, his path is spread,
But there long robes in rainbow tints are blending;
No herald trumpet of his coming tells,
But children carol in triumphant mirth,
And to the sky their sweet hosanna swells
The full, the joyous jubilee of earth.

Daughter of Zion! bow in holy shame;
Thou didst refuse thy rightful Lord to meet;
Unto his Father's house, to thee, he came,
Yet found not where to rest his weary feet.
Yes, scornful Judah! hadst thou known thy day,
Thine were a splendid, a secure estate;
But when thy Sovereign turned in wrath away,
Thy house was left unto thee desolate.

Anonymous.

The Widow's Mite.

And he said, "Of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."—St. Luke xxi. 3.

It is the fruit of waking hours,
  When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof,
  The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days,
  Pass'd in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad, to taste
  The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store,
  And miss'd while it is given:
'Tis given, for the claims of earth
  Are less than those of heaven.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor;
  The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
  And needful rest debarr'd.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—
A blessing can not be,
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee.

Letitia E. Landon.

Who Gazes from Mount Olivet?

And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, asked him privately, "Tell us when shall these things be?—St. Mark xiii. 3, 4.

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,
His dovelike eyes with sorrow wet—
His bosom with compassion heaving,
His mighty heart with sorrow grieving?
Who searches with unerring eye
Into thy sad futurity,
Jerusalem! and sees thy doom
Written by imperial Rome;—
Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed
On thy precious ones to feed,
Ruin round thy bulwarks wrap,
And the pagan eagle flap
O'er the sacred mercy-seat?
Who is he that sees it all?
Sees, when sacrilegious feet
Tread on Zion—when the call
Is for vengeance most complete?
He, the prophet, pilgrim-shod;
He, the very Son of God!

Years sweep on!—Jerusalem!
Thee the Roman armies hem.
Countless legions on thee press;
Clouds of arrows thee distress;
Stone and dart and javelin
Entrance to thy treasures win.
Hippicus, Antonia, fall,
Mariamne—and thy wall
Pierced with gates of burnish'd gold—
And the holy house of old,
Yield unto the dreadful strife
Heavens! the sacrifice of life!
Murder, plunder, leagued in band,
Stalk amid thee, hand in hand;—
Cedron is a pool of gore,
Olivet is fortress made.
Mercy! that the towers of yore,
Courts that saw the world adore,
Should in dust and blood be laid!
Who directs the furious war?
He, alone, whose prescience saw—
Mightier than Vespasian's son—
He the ruthless fight has won.
He the wine-press here has trod,
He, the very Son of God!

William B. Tappan.

The Memorial of Mary.

There came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat.—St. Matthew xxvi. 7

Thou hast thy record in the monarch's hall;
And on the waters of the far mid sea;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee;
Where'er beneath some oriental tree,
The Christian traveler rests—where'er the child
Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
There art thou known—where'er the Book of Light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
Is borne thy memory, and all praise above;
Oh! say, what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
Mary! to that pure silent place of fame?
One lowly office of exceeding love!

Felicia Hemans.

Blessing the Bread.

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, "Take, eat; this is my body." And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—St. Matthew xxvi. 26–28.

Onward it speeds, the awful hour from man's first fall decreed,
When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise the woman's spotless seed;
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly He trod,
And now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the Son of God.

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the conscious Heaven,
While in Jehovah's mystic fane the inmost veil is riven!
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid mountains rend;
The yawning grave shall yield their dead, the buried saints ascend!

And yet, amidst his little flock, still Jesus stands, serene,
Unawed by sufferings yet to be, unchanged by what hath been;
Still beams the light of love undimm'd in that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him soon to die!

He pours within the votive cup, the rich blood of the vine,
And, "Drink ye all the hallow'd draught," he cries, "this blood is mine."
He breaks the bread: then clasps his hands, and lifts his eyes in prayer,
"Receive ye this, and view by faith my body symbol'd there!

"For like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood shall soon be shed;
My body broken on the cross, as now I break the bread:
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the hand divine
Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets the blows be mine;

"And oft your willing steps renew, around the sacred board,
And break the bread and pour the wine in mem'ry of your Lord:
To drink with me the grape's fresh juice to you shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in blest abodes of heaven!"

Thomas Dale.

Invocation.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send you in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—St. John xiv. 26

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Robert Herrick.

The Peace of God.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—St. John xiv. 27.

Thus spake the blessed Lord,
When the Last Supper's sacred hour was done;
And each reviving word
Came, like rich incense from an altar-stone:
Kind, from those holy lips, so soon to breathe
Their last forgiveness forth, and taste the cup of death.

"Peace, peace I leave with you!"
Thus to his flock the glorious Shepherd said;
And, pure as morning dew
On Hermon's mount, or marge of Jordan's shed,
A spell descended on the group around—
A charm of kindling hope—of confidence profound.

"*My* peace to you I give,
Won from the immortal home of bliss above,
Where the redeem'd shall live,
In many mansions of eternal love;—

Peace, like its radiant source, serene and calm,
Where flowers unblighted bloom, and all the air is balm.

"Not as the world bestows
Its fleeting gifts, I yield my peace to you;
No clouds of death can close
Around my Father's house, nor dim the view
Where fadeless lustre fills the gorgeous sky,
And sinks into the soul, and lights the enraptured eye.

"Earth has no fount of peace:
Sins, sicknesses, and death begird it round;
Its hopes untimely cease;
And baseless dreams its dim dominion bound;
Here fond Affection no repose can gain,
And the gaunt miser hoards his gold in vain.

"Here sorrow comes to all—
For pale Mortality his standard rears
Beside the bier and pall;
And smiles are quench'd in unavailing tears;
To Joy's light laugh succeeds the weary sigh,
And no sweet rose may blossom, but to die.

"Then, with untroubled heart,
Look upward to your home to which I go;
And ere I yet depart
From toil, and suffering, and death below,
Let my farewell of peace your steps attend—
I go, to meet in heaven, my Father and your Friend."

And thus the SAVIOUR died!
Thus, to the hill of blood, he went his way,
And there was crucified,
While a world's guilt upon his bosom lay;
How should that risen Lord be praised and blest,
Who drain'd the dregs of woe, to give us peace and rest!

Willis Gaylord Clarke.

The Prayer of Jesus.

St. John xvii.

Father! thy son beholds the promised hour,
That beams thy love and glorifies thy power;
As thou hast given to him the high behest,
To call the wanderer, give the weary rest,
Eternal life, and peace, to man bestow,
To those vouchsafed, who Thee, the Father, know,
He hath fulfilled it, magnified thy name,
And earth, as heaven, attests thy great acclaim.
Now, O my Father? glorify Thou me,
With the same love my spirit knew with Thee
Ere oceans flowed, or worlds in space were hung,
Or stars of morning in their orbits sung.
Breathe on my soul, thy holy, balmy love,
And heal the stricken, from thy stores above,
On these thy children, deign a pitying eye,
Wipe Thou the tear, soothe Thou the secret sigh;
I pray for these, yet not for these alone,
By those who, through them, shall thy Gospel own.
Now in the world shall I be found no more;
My mission ended, all my sufferings o'er,

O righteous Father! I return to Thee,
The man of sorrows, from each sorrow free;
Glad rays, ethereal, wake the peerless morn,
I see in vision, nations hail thy dawn,
Swift as thy car, I view its glories run,
And kingdoms with Thee own thy joyful Son.

William B. Tappan.

Sleeping for Sorrow.

And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow—St. Luke xxii. 45.

Upon the cold, cold earth they lie,
While night-winds wildly o'er them sweep,
Their canopy the cloudless sky,
And they are sad, and yet they sleep.

Their master, Saviour, guide, their all,
Their polar star on life's dark deep,
Is soon by traitor hands to fall;
They fear it, yet in grief they sleep.

Yes! the big drops of agony,
The cold dank limbs of Jesus steep,
And they so near him close the eye
Of sorrow, and for grief they sleep.

How soundly sleep! though nature sighs,
And heaven is sad, and seraphs weep,
And, to his God in sorrow, cries
Their tortured friend—and yet they sleep

Oh, what strange anguish must have wrung
Their hearts on Olive's rocky steep,
When nature failed, and all unstrung,
They sank into reluctant sleep.

But He, who led them from the shore
Of their own native lake, to sweep
Their nets for men, though lone and poor,
Assuaged their sorrow by a sleep;

And when, by slumber, nerved to bear
The vigils of the night, whose deep
Dark tragedy, 'twas theirs to share,
He gently broke their mournful sleep;

Called them from worldly griefs away,
To view his empire on the steep
Acclivity of heaven, which lay
Far, far beyond the realms of sleep.

Oh thus, when I, by sorrow wrung,
Am tempest-tossed on life's dark deep,
The canvass torn, the helm unhung,
And earthly pilots all asleep:

May He who felt, himself, the throes
Of mortal anguish, o'er me keep
His sleepless watch, and soothe my woes,
And call me from my sinful sleep;

Direct my vision to the skies,
Where saints forever cease to weep,
Where seraphs lift unclouded eyes.
And sorrow never sinks to sleep.

J. K. Mitchell.

Christ's Look to Peter.

And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; and Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."—St. Luke xxii. 61.

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word—
No gesture of reproach! the heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way! The forsaken Lord
Looked only on the traitor. None record
What that look was; none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment call!
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
"I never knew this man"—did quail and fall
As knowing straight *that God*—and turned free,
And went out speechless from the face of all,
And filled the silence weeping bitterly.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say,
Thou, Peter! art thou, then, a common stone,
Which I at last must break my heart upon,

For all God's charge to his high angels may
Guard my foot better? Did I, yesterday,
Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses like the rest betray?
The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when thy deadly need is bitterest,
Thou shalt not be denied, I am here.
My voice to God and angels shall attest—
Because I KNOW *this man let him be clear.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Sabbath Evening Walk.

Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?—St. Luke xxiv. 32.

It happened, on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He who was our surety, died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all their sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, despite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The further traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared t' have done:
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.

Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
We need not now be parted, sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast.
He blessed the bread, and vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say—
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

William Cowper.

Christ Appearing to His Disciples.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you!"—St. John xx. 19.

Joy to all who love to talk
In secret, how He died,
Though with sealed eyes awhile they walk,
Nor see Him at their side;
Most like the faithful pair are they,
Who once to Emmaus took their way,
Half darkling, till their Master shed
His glory on their souls, made known in breaking bread

Thus ever brighter and more bright,
On those he came to save,
The Lord of new-created light
Dawned gradual from the grave:
Till past th' inquiring daylight hour,
And with closed door in silent bower
The Church in anxious musing sate,
As one who for redemption still had long to wait.

Then gliding through th' unopening door,
Smooth without step or sound,
"Peace to your souls," He said—no more—
They own him, kneeling round.
Eye, ear, and hand, and loving heart,
Body and soul on every part,
Successive made His witnesses that hour.
Cease not in all the world to show his saving power.

Is there on earth a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce caring through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for his sake?
Read, and confess the hand divine
That drew thy likeness here in every line.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do his will.
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;-
Soon will He show thee all His wounds, and say,
'Long have I known thy name—know thou my face alway."

John Keble.

Unbelieving Thomas.

Then saith he to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing."—St. John xx. 27, 58.

There was a seal upon the stone
A guard around the tomb:
The spurned and trembling band alone
Bewail their Master's doom.
They deemed the barriers of the grave
Had closed o'er Him who came to save;
And thoughts of grief and gloom
Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,
Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

He died;—for justice claimed her due,
Ere guilt could be forgiven:
But soon the gates asunder flew,
The iron bands were riven;
Broken the seal; the guards dispersed,
Upon their sight in glory burst
The risen Lord of Heaven!
Yet one, the heaviest in despair,
In grief the wildest was not there.

Returning, on each altered brow
With mute surprise he gazed,
For each was lit with transport now,
Each eye to heaven upraised.
Burst forth from each th' ecstatic word—
"Hail, brother, we have seen the Lord!"
Bewildered and amazed
He stood; then bitter words and brief
Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

Days passed, and still the frequent groan
Convulsed his laboring breast;
When round him light celestial shone,
And Jesus stood confessed.
"Reach, doubter! reach thy hand," he said;
"Explore the wound the spear hath made,
The front by nails impressed:
No longer for the living grieve,
And be not faithless, but believe."

Oh! if the iris of the skies
Trancends the painter's art,
How could he trace to human eyes
The rainbow of the heart;
When love, joy, fear, repentance, shame,
Hope, faith, in swift succession came,
Each claiming there a part;
Each mingling in the tears that flowed,
The words that breathed—"My Lord! My God!"

Thomas Dale

Divine Love.

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—St. John iii. 16.

In such a marvelous night, so fair,
And full of wonders strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare,
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

FIRST.

I saw the trembling fire look wan.

SECOND.

I saw the sun shed tears of blood.

THIRD.

I saw a God become a man.

FOURTH.

I saw a man become a God.

O! wondrous marvels! At the thought
The bosom's awe and reverence move.
But who such prodigies hath wrought?
Who gave such wonders birth? 'Twas love!

What called from Heaven that flame divine
  Which streams in glory from above:
And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,
  And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bade the glorious sun arrest
  His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
In tears—the saddest, loneliest
  Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
  E'en to the starry seats above,
That, for our mortal progeny,
  A man became a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
  Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day to night,
  And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes! love has wrought, and love alone,
  The victories all, beneath, above;
And heaven and earth shall shout, as one,
  The all-triumphing song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
  And told the wondrous tales aloud:

The trembling fire that looked so wan,—
  The weeping sun behind a cloud,—
A God—a God—became a man?
  A mortal man became a God!

John Bowring.

Christ Our Redeemer.

Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts iv. 12.

Oh Israel, oh household of the Lord,—
Oh Abraham's sons,—oh brood of blessed seed,—
Oh chosen sheep, that fear the Lord indeed,—
Oh hungry hearts, feed still upon his word,
And put your trust in him with one accord!
For he hath mercy evermore at hand;
His fountains flow, his springs do never stand;
And plenteously he loveth to redeem
    Such sinners all
    As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly, drooping state;
He will bring home the sheep that go astray;
He will help them that hope in him alway:
He will appease our discord and debate;
He will soon save, though we repent us late;—

He will be ours if we continue his;
He will bring bale to joy and perfect bliss;
He will redeem the flock of his elect
From all that is,
Or was, amiss,
Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

*George Gascoigne.**

* Died 1577.

The Lord my Shepherd.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.—St John x. 11.

God, who doth all nature hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd kind and heedful;
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with springs's flowery painting;
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit fainting.

When my soul, from heaven's way,
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For his name's sake kindly He
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

Though I stay through death's dark vale,
Where his pale
Shades on every side enfold me,
Dreadless, having thee for guide,
Should I bide,
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine thou pourest;
And, before mine enemies'
Envious eyes,
Balm upon my head thou showerest.

Neither dures thy bounteous grace
For a space,
But it knows nor bound nor measure:
So my days to my life's end,
Shall I spend
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

Francis Davison.

Hymn.

WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

I am the Resurrection and the Life.—St. John xi. 25.

Saviour of Mankind, Man, Emanuel!
Who sinless died for sin; who vanquished hell;
The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness; in whose death we live:—
Oh! strengthen thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may thine obey; protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul, sealed with thy seal. So in the hour,
When thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged), a glorious judge shall come,
To judge the world with justice; by that sign
I may be known, and entertained for thine.

*George Sandys.**

* Died 1643.

Lovest Thou Me?

And he said unto Him, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus saith unto him, "Feed my sheep."—St. John xvi. 17.

A group had gathered on the shore that bounds
The restless waters of Tiberias.
The weary fishermen, who, all night long,
Had cast their nets in vain, now saw amazed
The wondrous product of their later toil,
And, half in terror, cried—"It is the Lord!"
And He—mysterious Man!—whom late they saw
Expire in agony upon the Cross,
Stood calmly in their midst and hushed their fear.

Impetuous Peter, bolder than the rest,
Had met his Master first, and sought to prove
His zealous confidence and greater love.
Him loving, yet reproving for his warmth,
The Lord addressed:—"Thou son of Jonas, hear!
And answer truly if thou lovest me?"
Thrice fell this question on his anxious ear,
While wonder first, and then dismay and grief,
Oppressed him as his answer thus he made:—
"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love thee well."

"Then *feed my lambs*," the Holy Shepherd said:
"If me thou lovest more than all beside,
Then *feed my lambs!* If thou wilt prove thy zeal,
And thus insure thy Master's welcome praise,
Go *feed my lambs!* I ask no arduous toil—
No deed of high emprise thy powers shall task,
I only bid thee *feed my lambs!*" He said,
And soon for heav'n departed, there to watch
His under-shepherds while they guard his flock.

Oh ye, whose holy privilege it is
To serve him thus, see that ye *feed His lambs!*
So shall ye gain the evidence ye seek,
That your commission bears His sacred seal:
So shall ye prove your love—and so acquire
The rich reward on which your hopes are fixed.

Julian Cramer.

The Followers of Christ.

Follow thou me.—St. John xxi. 22.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

A noble army,—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain,
Oh God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber.

The Last Command.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."—St. Matthew xxviii. 19.

Go to the lands afar,
  Where the changeless winter reigns;
Night hath her empire there,
The night of deep despair;
Go bid the morning star
  Rise o'er those snowy plains.

Go, love's soft dew to shower
  On the far-off southern isles;
Though darkness hath her hour,
Truth is a mightier power;
Go, bid the lily flower,
  And the rose of Sharon smile.

Go where its glittering wave
  The spreading Ganges pours;
No hidden power to save
Those earth-born waters have;
Oh, purer streamlets lave
  Zion's thrice-hallowed shores!

Go where o'er golden sands
  The streams of Afric glide;
Bear to those distant lands
The Saviour's sweet commands,
Firm, firm his purpose stands,—
  "Lo! I am by thy side!"

Wide is the glorious field;
  Throughout the world go forth,
The Spirit's sword to wield,
To bear the Spirit's shield;
Till every nation yield,
  And blessings crown the earth.

Oh! speed the rising rays
  Of the Sun of Righteousness!
So shall the glad earth raise
A noble song of praise,
Touched by the light which plays
  From a nobler world than this!

Early and late still sow
  The seed which God hath given;
Seek not reward below,
The glorious flower shall blow
Where cloudless summers glow;
  The harvest is in heaven;

Anonymous.

What Shall this Man Do?

Peter, seeing him, saith unto Jesus, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"—St. John xxi. 22.

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
  Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend
If his love for Christ be true,
  Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom Christ approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,—
  Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether early called to bliss,
  He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate;

Whether in his lonely course,
  (Lonely, not forlorn) we stay,
Or, with love's supporting force,
  Cheat the toil and cheer the way;
Leave it all in his high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make:
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow thee.

John Keble.

The Christian Sabbath.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.—Acts xx. 7

Up steeps reclining in the autumnal calm,
The woodland nook retired, and quiet field,
Upon the tranquil noon
The Sunday chime is borne:

Rising and sinking on the silent air,
With many a dying fall, most musical
And fitful bird hard by
Blending melodiously.

The sky is looking on the sunny earth,
The fleecy clouds stand still in heaven,
Making the blue expanse
More still and beautiful.

If aught there be upon this rude, bad earth,
Which angels from their happy spheres above,
Could lean and listen to,
It were those peaceful sounds.

There is an earthly balm upon the air,
And holier lights which are with Sunday born,
That man may lay aside
Himself, and be at rest.

The week-day cares from us like shackles fall,
As from the Lord, the clothing of the grave,
And we, too, seem with him
To walk in endless morn.

Not that these musical wings would bear us up
On buoyant thoughts, too high for sinful man,
But that they speak the best
Which earth has left to give—

Of better hopes, and prayer, and penitence,
Rising in incense on the sacred air,
From many a woodland spire,
Or hill-embosomed fane.

Anonymous.

The Gift of Tongues.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them : and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.—Acts ii. 3, 4.

God's wondrous power, on that great day revealed,
When from on high the Sacred Influence fell,
Knowledge and light surpassing human lore.
Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.
O, for one transient gleam from that pure fount
Of life celestial, whose all pow'rful rays
Instant dispelled the mists of ignorance,
Informed the mind, and urged the willing tongue!
O, for one spark of that transcendant fire
Which shed its rapid influence thro' the soul,
Kindling at once in the astonished mind
The sacred flame of heaven-directed zeal,
In strains poured forth of wisdom heaven taught,
Which in conception to perfection sprang,
Mocking the tedious steps of human wit!
Too vain that wish.—But thou, O Spirit pure!
Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of man,
When conscious weakness claims thy aid benign.

Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure
Nought hides, who ever mark'st my inmost soul,
And check'st with care paternal every ill,
Suggesting kindly, pure and holy thoughts,
Frame thou my mind; dispose my humble heart
To feel thy goodnesss and adore thy might;
Grant me, with faith to read thy wond'rous works,
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere
Those acts of power I know not how to scan;
Grant me, with scorn to view the sceptic's pride,
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,
And strive with mortal ken (how short! how dim!)
To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence;
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,
In all thy wond'rous works to mark the end,
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means;
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty cause,
And feel with gratitude the blest effect;
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,
Vo view Thy goodness, and to sing Thy praise;
So shall my lays, though rude, attention claim,
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave;
Warm from the heart they bear intrinsic worth,
And conscience shall bear witness to their truth.

'Twas on that day, that memorable day,
When erst the prophet of the favored seed
From Israel sprung, high-honored Moses held,
With trembling awe, converse with God himself;

'Twas on that day, when round the sacred mount
The rapid lightnings shot their vivid glance,
Flashing a larger and a larger curve,
Whilst the dread thunder mutt'ring from afar,
With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,
Burst rattling all around in discord wild,
When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,
The holy prophet learned those high behests
By which to lead his sacred flock, and show
Types of a purer plan in days to come;
On that same day, the still more sacred flock
Of Christ, who only mourn his recent loss,
Stol'n from the clamors of the impious crowd,
In thought pursued his steps to heav'n, and cheered
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to come.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the soul
His last bequest has shed a gleam of joy;
"A comforter to come" restrained their tears,
A steadfast faith suppressed the rising sigh,
And expectation raised their downcast eyes.
Nor vain their hope; for now with sudden burst
A rushing noise through all that sacred band
Silence profound and fixed attention claimed,
A chilling terror crept through every heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face:
The rough roar ceased; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling emanation from above
In brightest vision round each sacred head
Diffused its vivid beams; mysterious light!

That rushed impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilst new ideas filled the passive soul,
Fast crowding in with sweetest violence.
'Twas then amazed they caught the glorious flame,
Spontaneous flowed their all-persuasive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addressed,
Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captived ear.

O see the crowd, pressing with eager steps
To catch the flowing periods as they fall;
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour
The pleasing accents of their native tongue;
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,
With outstretched hands and smiles of social love,
To greet the partners of their native soil.
O catch the varying transports in their looks,
In awful wonder see each passion lost,
When ev'ry nation urged an equal claim.
Fond men, forbear; and know the voice of truth,
By weak restraints of language unconfined,
Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine
From whence the dayspring draws her glitt'ring store
To shine on all with undistinguished ray,
And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Thou speak'st, immortal Truth! beneath each pole
The trembling earth acknowledges thy voice;
Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,

And all is blindfold error and distress.
O! 'twas that potent voice, whose magic pow'r
Burst through the organs of the sacred band,
What time, O Salem, 'midst thy hallowed walls
The mingled crowd from many a distant realm,
In fixed attention hung upon their words,
Which, with conviction fraught, flowed unrestrained,
Though, skilled alone in virtue's sacred lore,
They never had employed life's precious hours
In learning's paths; without proud science wise.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus
Makes known his sacred will, and shows His pow'r:
By him inspired they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilst th' illumined breast
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their theme
Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;
The list'ning throng there feel its blessed effect,
And deep conviction glows in every breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind
At their strong bidding takes its rapid flight:
Delusion's dreams no more infect the soul,
High-boasting pride, fierce wrath, impetuous lust,
And avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the sun:
They fade to rise no more; for see, a band

Of radiant virtues seize their late abode,
And stamp the mansion with the seal of truth.
There heavenly Knowledge shines in glitt'ring pride,
And Patience sits, with meek submissive smile
Disarming stern Oppression; Justice there
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong;
And there, with God's own armour all-begirt,
Stands Fortitude, erect in Christian strength;
There Temp'rance stands with ever-watchful eye,
To curb the passions with a steady rein;
And Candor there her golden rule displays,
To act by others as thy heart must wish
They, in like circumstance, should act by thee:
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat,
Sits heav'n-born chairity; her eagle eye
Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's works,
Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,
She deems all human ills her own, and sighs
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the sun.
With such bright guests the Christian mind is stored,
Pledges of truest knowledge, joy, and peace:
These to make known became the sacred task
By heav'n imposed upon the chosen band;
Thrice happy they to such high office called,
The blessed ministers of God's high will!
For them the fullness of his might is shown,
O'erleaping the strong bounds of nature's laws;
Grim Death for them contracts his hasty stride,
And checks his dart e'ven in the act to strike;
His horrid messengers, Disease and Pain,

Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to ease and thankfulness;
For them bright Wisdom opens all her stores,
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
Whilst Inspiration's all-enliv'ning light
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring blaze;
Warmed by the ray they pour the sacred strain
In eloquence seraphic; truths divine,
For ever registered in heav'n's high page,
Flow from their lips, and glow within their breasts;
Amazed they feel the sacred ecstacy,
With heav'nly rapture thrill in ev'ry nerve;
Whilst in their flowing words, with wisdom fraught
Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.
This is no fancied power, no idle dream,
No flatt'ring scheme by heated fancy formed;
The genuine influence fills each raptured soul,
And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels,
When, reason by delusive fancy led
In sad captivity, the thoughts confused
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense.
Consider well, what are the genuine marks
Of heavenly inspiration. It was not
In wild ecstatic rants and dubious phrase,
In doctrines intricate and terms perplexed,
The simple messengers of Jesus spake.
O search and see, were not their docrines pure,
And in such plain and modest phrase expressed

As best befits instruction's wholesome plan?
Mighty to save, they sought no other pow'r,
No meed, but that which conscious Virtue feels
When she conducts some hapless wand'rer back
To paths, without her aid, for ever lost.
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblamed
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth;
If daily trained to ev'ry virtuous act,
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod,
Through the strait path, the way of holiness,
Then may ye lead your flocks to his abode;
But, O beware! think not the heav'nly guest
Can fix his residence with aught impure;
Think not the heart which pride or int'rest guides
Can ever be the seat of heavenly grace;
If yet the Holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defiled
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with lust;
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake
The clust'ring grape not blushes, and the fig
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;
Ev'n thus shall all be measured by their fruits;
So spake the living Oracle of Truth:
O never, never lose this sacred guide,
By every blast of doctrine borne away,
But gazing ever on the Gospel light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule.
And "try the Spirits if they be of God."

Charles Jenner.

The Call of the Gentiles.

To the Jew first, and also to the Gentile.—Romans ii. 10.

Oh, not to Israel's haughty sons alone
Came the glad tidings of a Saviour born;
Not so repulsed th' Almighty's outstretched arm,
Not so confined His love! The dove-like form
Of mercy, issuing forth, through every clime,
Flies to and fro, to earth's extremest verge,
Speeds her light way, and plies her eager search,
Unwilling to return if chance she find
Whereon to rest her foot! Long time intent
O'er thee, Judæa, self-devoted land!
With many an anxious pause and circling flight
The mystic wanderer hung! Full oft she sought
Thy tow'rs, Jerusalem, thy fated walls,
And wept o'er all the scene! Full oft she called
(E'en as a hen collects her callow brood)
And yet ye would not! "O ungrateful race!"
In deep despair the lovely exile cried;
Then shook soft pity from her wings—and fled.—
Happy the few, on whose selected heads
The plenteous dayspring from on high descended
In kindly visitation! Happy they

On whom that show'r of heav'n-born pity fell;
—Nor fell unfruitful! While impassioned hope,
Firm faith, that wisely builds on reason's rock,
Strong-working, drew them from the crooked path;
Taught them at length with steady eye to bear
The growing light; to hail with grateful joy
Each emanation of these holy truths
That Jesus poured upon their tempered souls!
These, not unaided by supernal grace:
And fraught with confidence and holy zeal,
Sure test of true conversion! these, O Lord,
Were all Thy scanty followers; by Thee
First called, first rescued from a world of woe,
To spread salvation into distant climes;
And tell the meanest habitant of earth
"Glad tidings of great joy!"—Much envied lot
Of ministry like this! Thrice happy state
Of servitude, (if freedom's choicest name
Befit not rather) happier, richer far
Than all that tyranny enthroned could boast,
Or the proud sceptre of imperial Rome!
Conscious I quit the still-increasing theme
Of praise and wonder! Mute admiring joy
Must paint a scene the muse can never reach!
'Tis not for us, unweeting babblers all,
To trace with fit designs the holy group
Forth issuing, for the glorious work prepared,
Their cry Salvation!—God himself their guide!
For us suffice it rather, first to haste
In silent joy, like Abraham from his tent,

And welcome their approach;—then quick retire,
Like Lot from Sodom, anxious to be saved,
Thankful to hear, and happy to obey!—
'Tis not for us, to watch with prying eye
The secret workings of Almighty Power;
To tell how heav'n's diffusive love prevailed
With gradual effort o'er the conscious soul!
Or struck, invisibly, with sudden ray
Of purest knowledge and regen'rate joy,
Th' *unconscious* Heathen; 'till at once aroused,
His ev'ry sense and ev'ry glowing thought
Start from its lethargy, and spring to life;
Suffice it, that we know the mighty cause
And breathe unceasing songs of gratitude
To him, whose blessings far and wide displayed
The rich effusion, till one vast embrace
Encircles all creation!—Gracious Heaven.
O not in vain be these thy mercies shown
To any child of man! Remember, Lord,
And save the creature of Thy plastic hand,
Whether Thou view'st him wandering on the waste
Of Polar Zembla, continent of ice!
Or breathing rude idolatry and vows
Of prostrate adoration at the shrine
Of Thibet's hapless Lama! Wretched being,
Less free, less happy, less a God than e'en
His vilest votary!—Yet not alone
To the swart savage of the barb'rous East
The beaded Hottentot, or naked slave
Who toils, untutored, in the guilty mine,

Reveal thy saving arm! But turn, O turn
The blinder Infidel, of every name,
Or gross Mahometan, or stubborn Jew,
Or desperate Atheist, who mocks thy pow'rs
With purposed insult!—Turn them, Lord, and save
And win them to Thyself! O quickly bring
To Sharon's fold and Achor's happy vale
Thy full united flock!—And if the muse,
Impatient for thy glory, still may breathe
One added prayer, O bless the pious zeal,
And crown with glad success the lab'ring sons
Of that best charity, whose annual mite
Sends forth thy gospel to the distant Isles!
So shall the nations, rescued myriads! hear,
And own Thy mercy over all Thy works!
So from each corner of th' enlighten'd earth
Incessant peals of universal joy,
Shall hail Thee, Heavenly Father, God of All!

Spencer Madan.

The Three Tabernacles.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no:
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For, see, they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave; and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no: she forgets
The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets,
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful hoard,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love!
Ah! no: they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead can not grieve;
Nor a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword—the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no: for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look to the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

Herbert Knowles.

The Lame Man Healed.

Then Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.—Acts iii. 6.

Forth at the hour of prayer,
Went the Apostles to the holy place
The sacred temple of the living God,
Where praise was offered, and his creatures bowed
In humble adoration at his throne,
Asking remission of their sins, and grace
And strength to guide their timid, wavering steps
In the true way of life.
Onward they passed,
With hearts o'erflowing with a fervent zeal
To do their Master's service. In their path,
Near by the temple's gate, lay one, who had,
From the first era of existence, borne
Suffering and sore affliction. Life, to him,
Was as a cheerless waste, for he had known
No springtime of enjoyment, when gay youth

Could speed, exulting, on the ardent race,
Or spend the sunny hours in sportive glee.
All the heart's impulses were crushed and chilled—
For, though the eye might mark the beautiful,
And the soul pine for freedom, or aspire
To high and lofty things, the maimed limbs,
And marred and wretched frame, like prison-gates,
Held him a mourning captive, until all
Of life within—e'en hope itself—had died—
And there was left nor tint upon his cheek,
Nor luster in his eye.
There he reclined,
Where pitying hands had borne, as they were wont,
The feeble, helpless mendicant.—And as
Th' Apostles passed his cheerless resting-place,
His trembling voice was raised, imploring alms.

They stay'd their footsteps. Was there e'er a time
When the sad wail of sorrow failed to reach
His ear, whose faithful followers they were?
His was compassion, boundless, infinite—
Nor creed, nor sect, nor station, could impede
The welling up of sacred sympathy
Within His bosom!
Like their blessed Lord,
They felt their holy impulse, and their hearts
Were touched with pity as they stopped and turned
Their steadfast eyes upon the suffering man.

Then Peter said, "*Look on us!*"—and he looked,
With expectation kindling in his glance
And thankfulness awakened in his heart;
For, from the hand outstretched, with open palm,
The alms he craved, he thought, would surely come.

Once more th' Apostle spoke:—"*Silver and gold*
Belong not to me, nor can I bestow
These, but the gifts I have I freely give—
In the blessed name of Christ of Nazareth,
I bid thee rise and walk!" And lifting him
Upon his feet, he stood in manhood's strength,
No longer impotent.
Then went he forth,
And entered with them in the temple gate,
Walking, and leaping, and adoring God,
Who sent his faithful ministers, to raise
Him from the lowest depths of misery,
And fill his heart with joy.

* * * * *

So, Christian soul,
Though darkly round thee lower the tempest cloud,
Veiling the brightness of thy spirit's joy,
And filling thee with trembling and with fear:
Though pain and anguish rack thee, and the weak
And stricken body sink beneath the load
Of Speechless agony, and prostrate lie
In helpless wretchedness:—Remember, still,

That there is One above whose watchful eye
Notes all thy sufferings, and marks thy fears—
Who tries and proves thy faith, that thou may'st be
Made meet partaker of the bliss that waits
Believers, in the bright, celestial home,
Prepared for those who put their trust in Him.

Samuel D. Patterson.

Christian Obedience.

And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor to teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.—Acts iv. 18, 19.

Awake, ye sons of men! The hallowed word
Contemplate, stamped with truth's immortal seal!
Mark, where the faithful servants of their Lord,
Through the wide world Heaven's high behests reveal!—
Calamities from every quarter press;
Ten thousand perils darken all the view;
Contempt, indignant hatred, sore distress,
And friendless indigence their steps pursue.
Stern persecution's arm, by pow'r maintained,
The ruthless sword uplifts, with martyrs' blood distained.

Firm amidst legions of surrounding foes,
With unremitted zeal, they hold their course:
Undaunted 'midst oppression's varied woes,
Defy authority's vindictive force.

In vain the furious bigot threats; in vain
The sophist weaves the net of subtle art:
The tyrant, 'midst his adulating train,
Feels terror shake his agonizing heart;
E'en on his throne he trembles; guilt and shame
Fix deep their barbed shafts, and rend his coward frame.

Behold the path which leads to endless life!
In this the martyr trod, all power withstood;
Braved every danger in the mortal strife,
And ratified his faith with sacred blood.—
At length, oppression's sanguinary hand
No more o'er Christians holds vindictive sway;
No more the ruthless tyrant's fell command
Consigns to death his unresisting prey.
Yet e'en to us, from all these terrors freed,
Still the same hope is giv'n, the same reward decreed.

The world in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendor bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary light:
Anon, th' assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black low'rs the tempest in the sullen sky;
Before the driving blast the vision dies,
And all the vivid tints of splendor fly:
Pass but a moment, ev'ry ray is gone;
Nor e'en a vestige left, where the bright glories shone.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
  Degen'rate swerve from Heav'n's immortal plan?
Give up, for vanity's light airy dream,
  The nobler heritage reserved for man?
Though rocks their cragged heads in ambush hide,
  Though storms and tempests sweep the angry main;
While Hope's fair star shines forth, auspicious guide,
  E'en tempests, storms, and rocks, oppose in vain.
Safe, 'midst the ocean's iterated force,
The sacred vessel shapes her Heav'n-directed course.

Samuel Hayes.

The Death of Stephen.

But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.—Acts vii. 55.

With awful dread his murderers shook,
As, radiant and serene,
The lustre of his dying look
Was like an angel's seen;
Or Moses' face of paly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see
Revealments bright of heaven;
And power to speak our triumphs out,
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
Before our view appear.

William Croswell.

The Denial.

Urged, Lord, by sinful terror,
  Peter denied thy name;
Soon, conscious of his error,
  He mourned his guilt with shame:
Thy look with sorrow filled his breast,
  He sought thy pard'ing mercy,
And was with pardon blessed.

After, how grew this martyr
  In faith and hardihood!
He scorned thy truth to barter,
  But sealed it with his blood:
For thee, his Lord, he spent his breath,
  In life declared thy glory,
And honored thee in death.

B. Muenta.

St. Peter.

Thou hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
To cast thy net on all occasions well.
When Christ calls and thy nets would have thee stay,
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Well, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword,
Well for thyself, I mean, not for thy Lord.
To strike at ears is to take heed there be
No witness, Peter, of thy perjury.

Under thy shadow may I lurk awhile,
Death's busy search I'll easily beguile:
Thy shadow, Peter, must show me the sun,
My light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

Richard Crashaw.

St. Paul.

Whose is that sword—that voice and eye of flame.
That heart of unextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon keys; and bonds and fire?
Along his dark and withering path he came—
Death in his looks, and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of Heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo! the light shone! the sun's veiled beams expire—
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
Whose is yon form stretched on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul, and tears of agony
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head—
Rayless the orbs that flushed with victory.
Over the raging waves of human will,
The Saviour's spirit walked, and all was still.

Roscoe.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"—Acts ix. 4.

The midday sun with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise,
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment—and to earth he falls;
What voice his inmost heart appals?
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed,
With keen yet pitying glance.

And hears the meek upbraiding call
And gently on his spirit fall,
As if th' Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
Nor his great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight;
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
Th' insufferable light.

"Who art thou, Lord?" he falters forth:—
So shall sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day,
"When did we see thee suffering nigh,
And passed thee with unheeding eye?
Great God of judgment, say?"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While in our noon of life,

To power or fame we rudely press,
Christ is at hand to scorn or bless,—
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
He speaks as He did then.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye me?"
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
With your own endless woe.
Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

"I in your care my brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make—
A drop of water—for love's sake,
In heaven, be sure is stored."

Oh! by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

As to thy last Apostle's heart,
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float,
When the full strain is o'er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more;

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored;
Christians, behold your happy state;
Christ is in these who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!"

John Keble.

The Preaching of St. Paul.

But all that heard him were amazed, and said, "Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem?"—Acts ix. 21.

Each holy rite performed, the zealous saint
Poured from his tongue spontaneous the stream
Of eloquence and inspiration. Lo!
The gazing synagogue, in wonder rapt,
Devour his pregnant speech. Th' instructive sage,
With symple style, deliberate address,
And nervous arguments, now vindicates
The great Messiah. Now with words that live,
With thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,
Expiring nature and the doom of man,
He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,
Her shape deformed, the poison of her touch,
Behind her Vengeance with eternal fire,
He next describes. Affrighted conscience 'wakes;
The murd'rer starts aghast! th' oppressor groans;
Th' adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.
What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,
But shuddered there!—Now with mellifluous tongue
He soothes the scorpion sting of conscious guilt.
Behold! each faded countenance relumed

With hope and gladness, whilst the chosen saint
Unfolds the myst'ries of redeeming love,
Of grace and mercy infinite, displays
The high rewards of penitence and life
Reformed, the freedom of the Christian yoke
Avers, and testifies th' eternal league
'Twixt happiness and virtue. Now to crown
The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase
He wins th' enchanted audience to peace,
Long-suff'ring, gentleness, and social love,
The godlike spirit of his Master's laws.

Was this the hot vindictive Pharisee?
O strange conversion! This th' impetuous Saul
That late dire menaces and slaughter breathed?
Was this, sage priest, the minister of wrath
Fixed by the dreaded sanction of thy power
To hurl perdition on the rising church?
What! Were those hands, now lifted up to Heav'n
To bless man's great Redeemer, once imbrued
In the pure blood of his devoted saints,
And consecrated martyrs! Wondrous change!
But what can check that All-controlling Power,
Who turns the course of Nature at His will;
Whose word was med'cine to the sick, whose call
Awoke the grave's cold tenants, whose firm step
Trod the soft surface of the ocean, whilst
His potent voice bade the curled waves subside,
And hushed the wind's wild uproar into peace?

Behold! th' illustrious convert now invades
The reign of Gentile darkness. See! appalled
Black Superstition, with her baleful throng
Of self-bred fears, and unembodied forms
That haunt despair; the foul unholy train
Of molten idols and fantastic gods,
Shrink at his presence, like the fleeting shades
Of sullen night, when first Hyperion's orb
Scatters its purple radiance o'er the skies.
Nor long the majesty of Jove supreme
Withstood the thunders of the preacher's tongue.
Tottered his throne, his golden sceptre fell;
Nor more Olympus trembled at his nod.
No longer smoked his odoriferous shrines
With frankincense and myrrh, the fragrant breath
Of Araby; nor bleeding hecatomb
Distained his blushing altars. Solemn praise
And pray'rs devoutly breathed, the tears, the sighs
Of penitential grief, the broken heart,
Now formed the Gentile's purer sacrifice
To the true God. Each attribute
That points th' Almighty Parent of the world
To man's conceptions, legibly portrayed
On Nature's page, th' enlightened convert sees;
And as he views, his elevated breast,
With inextinguishable ardor, burns
For truth, for life and immortality.
Where'er the preacher rolled the powerful tide
Of inspiration, from each fabled haunt
Foul error fled, whether the Roman school,

Or Attic portico her presence held,
Or the dark inmate of the pagan shrine,
She heaped vain incense to some idol-god.

O! may those living oracles of light,
That boast the sanction of thy hallowed pen,
Illustrious convert! o'er each gloomy land,
Where still pale fear and superstition reign,
Spread the rich treasures of immortal truth!
May the false prophet's sensual paradise,
Base hopes of ignorance and lust,
Allure no more the pilgrim's weary step
To Mecca's walls; no longer Fohi's name
Usurp the prostrate adoration, due
To God alone: nor more th' unconscious sun
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless vow:
But may one mind, one faith, one hope, one God
Unite the scattered progeny of man!

John Lettice.

The Gospel Triad.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Is it some sport of Fancy's silver light,
That darts along the shades of scattered night?
Or gleams from spot to spot on mortal ground,
The mystic web through time and nature wound?

Three holy graces came from heaven to man,
Three great apostles led their peaceful van,
Three lengthened ages, blending each with each,
From truth's first blaze, to earth's last glory reach:
And each apostle wears one holy grace,
And each long age is one apostle's trace.
The age of Faith, it leaned on Peter's name,
And stood a rock 'mid seas of mounting flame:
Its youthful strength the assailant's fury broke,
And error crouched beneath its scourging stroke.
It held the cross with zeal's impetuous hand,
And touched, and blessed, and swayed each savage land;
Chose for itself the lonely cell and cave,
But reared for heaven the minster's glorious nave:
The age of Hope, it heard the conqueror's call,
And girt the shield, and grasped the sword of Saul;

It strove for truth, and truth in strife it won,
Strong in the word, the immortal cause went on
Foiled and still foiled, the hostile armies swell,
Long is the work, yet toil the champions well;
Ranged for the last, the fierce opposer stands,
And doubt and discord tear the faithful bands,
A hundred winds their hundred banners blow,
Yet beams on each defiance to the foe;
From victory rings their clarion's mingling tone,
We hear their peal, but hear in hope alone.
The age of Love,—O, who its light shall see?
Beloved apostle! tells it not of thee?
The strife is o'er, the day of triumph nigh;
In palmy groves the shields are hung on high:
For every band its destined place is there,
And every brow its worthy wreath must wear;
A blooming garden rises o'er the waste,
Amid its walks they rove, and till, and taste;
The playful lyre in tuneful numbers sweep,
Or speak, or sing, of wisdom high and deep,
Then sit them down and watch the fading ray;
Their eve is morn, their morn an endless day.

George Burgess.

Pure Religion.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—St. James i. 27.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare:
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

Carlos Wilcox.

St. Peter's Release.

"And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, "Arise up quickly."—Acts xii. 6–8.

Thou thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
Watch by thine own forgiven friend;
In sharpest perils faithful proved,
Let his soul love thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep
His slumber on the eve of death?
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep
As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again—
Can his soul choose but be at rest?
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain
Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone:
For his winged thoughts are soaring high
Where never yet frail heart was known
To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps—but more than tears
Have sealed thy welcome and his love—
One look lives in him, and endears
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove:

That gracious chiding look, Thy call,
To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall,
Which else were rued too bitterly.

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,
The memory of that kindly glance;—
The angel watching by divines,
And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
His vision wafts him back, to talk
With Jesus, ere his flight he takes,
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did his dear lambs and sheep commend,
Both bought and nourished with His blood.

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
His passport through the eternal gates,
To his sweet home—so nearly won,
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
Like waves in Joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed—the tyrant's voice
Calls to that last of glorious deeds—
But as he rises to rejoice,
Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
Glancing around his prison room,—
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years
Deep through the chambers of the dead
Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,
Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched, he up starts—his chains unbind—
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
To freedom and cool moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
  Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touched the martyr's palm,
  He turns him to his task below;

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
  To wield awhile in gray-haired might,
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
  And follow Jesus out of sight.

John Keble.

Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.

And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."—Acts xiv. 11.

Emerging from the whirlwind and the storm
Of persecution, Paul, with Barnabas,
To Lystra comes, and earnest there proclaims
Redemption, Judgment; heraldry divine,
Tidings melodious as angelic bliss,
And sovereign as the harp of Jesse's son
To heal distempered minds: his ardent speech
Rebukes, exhorts; now thundering in their ears
The terror of the Lord, unfolding now
Mystery of love omnipotent. "Awake,
Arise, benighted sleepers, from the dead,
And Christ shall give you wisdom, and instruct
To chequer life's dark vale with sunny gleams
Of truth and virtue, 'till Salvation ope
Her portals and her mansions, to receive
And welcome you to rapture!"—Crowds, athirst
For novelty, around th' apostle press,
Lightly to hear, and lightly to depart,
Relasping to oblivion; while obdured
By vain philosophy, high-reaching power,

Patrician eminence, voluptuous ease,
The children of prosperity deride
Contrition's call. Far other passion moves
Yon loathed beggar, cripple from the womb,
On the cold earth extended, and embossed
With leprosy; yet glorious all within,
Arrayed in righteousness, and eagle-winged
With piety and hope; thence happier far
Than they from whom this supplication wrings
A scanty alms.—(Ambition's blaze, the dreams
Of fame and riches, vanish and decay;
But virtues vanish not, to paradise
Translated with empyreal youth to bloom.)
In squalor and in dereliction scorned,
Outcast of human pity, but upheld
By grace and guardian seraphim, and doomed
On earth to suffer, but rejoice in heaven,
The mourner lay; when he of Tarsus saw
His misery, and with thought-exploring eye
Discerned his faith, and issued thus command:

"Arise, forlorn and helpless, from the dust;
Forget thy desolation; in the name
Of Jesus rise and walk!"—While yet he spake,
Through the shrunk sinews and contracted limbs
Ethereal vigor darts like lightning flame,
Enkindling health, and purging off in scales
Leprous pollution; through each pulse and vein,
Through sense and motion, heart and eye and soul,
The genial spirits dance; and the gaunt frame,

Late the mind's noisome dungeon, spheres her now
In palace of delight. The cripple rose
Exulting, walked and leaped and bounding ran
Light as the roebuck; yet in frantic joy
Not thankless, or unmindful to extol
Supernal mercy. Him the multitude
Pursued and held; insatiate to survey
In speculation mute his altered form,
Athletic beauty: Some, half fearful, touched
The withered lazar hands, now warm with blood
Salubrious, and with pliant muscles strung:
Some lifted up his garments, to behold
The well-compacted knees, th' elastic feet,
And ankles firm; while round the whisper flew,
"Is this the suppliant stretched so late supine,
Fed by precarious bounty, and with groans
Saddening the day?" Confusion of applause,
Tempest of acclamation, next ensued
From young and old: "The Deities descend
In mortal shape!" they cried: "To Lystra's domes
And honored temples, welcome and all hail,
Dread-thundering monarch, cloud-compelling Jove!
Bright son of Maia, hail!" The city swarms
In wild commotion roused as by affright
Of midnight conflagration or the din
Of battle: streets and avenues disgorge
Augmenting thousands: matrons, children, climb
The roofs and walls, and in astonishment
Sit gazing there. So all was ecstacy
And tumult all, 'till veneration hushed
Their thronged idolatry: for now the priest

Of Jupiter advancing, oxen brought
And garlands, and the sanctimonious rites
Solemn prepared, though with disordered pomp,
As summoned hasty; now the goblet foamed
Libation, and the victim's neck was bowed;
Spices in odorous piles already blazed,
Already the grim sacrificer stood
In act to strike; when, with indignant shame,
Th' ambassadors of Majesty divine,
Perceiving their intent, among them rushed
Precipitate, and boldly overthrew
Each instrument of worship, and reproved
Their impious folly.—"Cease ye, nor present
Knee-tribute, nor to us the name ascribe
Of Godhead; wanderers we, of earthly mould;
Of peril, woe, disaster, and disease
Partakers, and of death. But would ye learn
Whom and how best to worship, that our lips
Instructed and commissioned, shall declare.

"Can the dumb idol measure in his hand
The floods of ocean, or in the balance weigh
The mountains and the valleys, or convulse
The steadfast earth, alternate rouse and quell
The stormy winds, and bid conflicting clouds
Dissolve in deluge? or will thunders roar,
And lightnings flash, obsequious to his call?
Say, can the molten image look abroad
Through depths of ether, and appoint each orb
To come and go, refulgent now t' illume

The firmamental concave, now withdraw
To dimness and extinction? can such eye,
Like sunbeam, search affection and desire?
Hath motionless and chiseled marble power
And wisdom? can it punish and reward
Guilt undivulged and virtues yet unknown,
Judge by the heart, and equity dispense
To empires and to worlds? He only can,
Whom, Lord of immortality and life,
Supreme, invisible, Almighty King,
Sole Godhead I proclaim. Ye heavens, attend!
Give ear, O earth! all-radiant sun, confess
Thine Author! Times and seasons, months and years,
And all that live or live not, record join,
His wonders of perfection to display!
Him, the one God and true, through youth and age,
Through peril and through safety, joy and woe,
Perpetual will we worship and extol
His wondrous name, in bounty wondrous found
To all that live; them chiefly who confess
His empire, while their holiness and truth
(Faith's proper sign) like lamps celestial burn,
Dispelling death, and darkness, and the way
Illuminating to Jehovah's throne."

The congregation heard,
Awe-struck, yet unrepentant, murmuring paid
Odedience, and reluctantly dismissed
The sacrifices: then with cloudy front
And troubled rumination, sad and slow
Dispersing, to their several homes returned.

And couldst thou, Lystra, thus ungracious hear
Such exhortation, or the following morn
With arms and murderous insurrection chase
Heaven's ministers, while the converted few
Aloof stood mourning, powerless to resist
The popular frenzy ?—So Jerusalem
Caroled Hosannas to th' approaching Son
Of David : but in little space how changed !
That triumph yet re-echoing in mid air,
Her fierce impiety with uproar doomed
Messiah to the cross !—So scorns the world
Each admonition that from idol vows
Of pleasure, avarice, or ambitious power
Adjures them to return, and find repose
And pardon from the Mediatorial Grace
That ransomed man.—O, high and lofty Sire,
Inhabiting eternity, incline
A wayward world to fear Thee, and devote
To Thee each word and action, heart and sou..

Charles Hoyle.

Paul and Silas at Philippi.

And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed.—Acts xvi. 26.

Hearest thou that solemn symphony, that swells
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells?
From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound,
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.
The wretch, who long in dungeons cold and dank
Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank
Might break the grave-like silence of that prison,
On which the star of hope had never risen;
Then sunk in slumbers by despair oppressed,
And dreamed of freedom in his broken rest;
Wakes at the music of these mellow strains,
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.
'Tis Paul and Silas, who at midnight pay
To Him of Nazareth a grateful lay.
Soon is that anthem wafted to the skies;
An angel bears it, and a God replies:
At that reply a pale portentous light
Plays through the air,—then leaves a gloomier night.
The darkly tottering towers,—the trembling arch,—
The rocking walls confess a monarch's march,—

The stars look dimly through the roof:—behold,
From saffron dews, and melting clouds of gold,
Brightly uncurling on the dungeon's air,
Freedom walks forth serene; from her loose hair,
And every glistening feather of her wings,
Perfumes, that breathe of more than earth, she flings,
And with a touch dissolves the prisoner's chains,
Whose song had charmed her from celestial plains.

John Pierpont.

Paul Preaching at Athens.

Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."—Acts xvii. 23.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tone shall bid the slumbering nations round
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there: he brings you words,
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove; One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night,
That Unknown God, of whom ye darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine;
He points to him who reared your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine;

Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow;
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But, brighter tidings still!
He tells of One whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt;—
Who triumphed o'er the grave, and broke its chain,
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!—
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause!
'Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to One,
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pause,
And faint to think upon,—
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of deity,
Your fancies fade,—your master's dreams grow dim
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!
Sceptic! dispel those doubts—the Truth is found.

Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillared halls
Immortal poets sung,—
No sounds like these have rent your startled air;
They open realms of light, and bid you enter there.

Ann Charlotte Lynch.

The Resurrection.

And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, and others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."—Acts xvii. 23.

Upborne on towering fancy's eagle wing,
Methinks imagination's piercing eye
Darts through the veil of ages, and beholds
Imperial Athens; views her sumptuous domes,
Her gorgeous palaces, and splendid fanes,
Inscribed to all the various deities
That crowd the pagan heaven. Amid the rest
An altar sacred to the God Unknown
Attracts my gaze; I see a list'ning throng
With eager haste press round a reverend form,
Whose lifted hands and contemplative mien
Express the anxious feelings of a mind
Big with momentous cares. 'Tis he! 'tis he!
Methinks I hear the apostle of my God
From blind idolatry to purer faith
Call the deluded city; naught avails
The rude abuse of jeering ignorance,
Nor all the scoffs that malice can invent;
To duty firm, their mockery he derides,
And, with intrepid tone, divinely brave,

Proclaims the blessed Jesus, tells His power,
His gracious mercy and unbounded love
To sinful man; tells how the Saviour fell,
Awhile a victim to insulting death,
'Till, bursting from the prison of the grave,
He rose to glory, and to earth declared
These joyful tidings, this important truth,—
"There is another and a better world."

Who shall describe the senate's wild amaze,
When the great orator announced that day,
That solemn day, when from the yawning earth
The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss
Pour forth its buried millions? When, 'mid choirs
Of angels throned, the righteous God shall sit
To judge the gathered nations. Vice appalled,
With trembling steps retired, and guilty fear
Shook every frame, when holy Paul pronounced
The awful truth; dark superstition's fiend
Convulsive writhed within his mighty grasp,
And persecution's dagger, half unsheathed,
Back to its scabbard slunk; celestial grace
Around him beamed; sublime the apostle stood,
In heaven's impenetrable armor clothed,
Alone, unhurt before a host of foes.
So, 'mid the billows of the boundless main,
Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,
And o'er the angry surge that roars below
Indignant frowns; in vain the tempest howls,
The blast rude sweeping o'er the troubled deep

Assaults in vain: unmoved the giant views
All nature's war, as 'gainst his flinty sides
Wave after wave expends its little rage,
And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet.

William Bolland.

Paul Before Agrippa.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."—Acts xxvi. 28, 29.

The son of Herod sat in regal state
Fast by his sister queen—and 'mid the throng
Of supple courtiers, and of Roman guards,
Gave solemn audience. Summoned to his bower
A prisoner came—who, with no flattering tongue
Brought incense to a mortal. Every eye
Questioned his brow, with scowling eagerness,
As there he stood in bonds. But when he spoke
With such majestic earnestness, such grace
Of simple courtesy—with fervent zeal
So boldly reasoned for the truth of God,
The ardor of his heaven-taught eloquence
Wrought in the royal bosom, till its pulse
Responsive trembled, with the new-born hope,
Almost to be a Christian.

So he rose,
And with the courtly train swept forth in pomp.
Almost! and was this all,—thou Jewish prince?

Thou listenedst to the ambassador of Heaven,
Almost persuaded! Ah! hadst thou exchanged
Thy trappings, and thy purple, for his bonds,
Who stood before thee; hadst thou drawn his hope
Into thy bosom,—even with the spear
Of martyrdom,—How great had been thy gain!
And ye, who linger while the call of God
Bears witness with your conscience, and would fain,
Like King Agrippa, follow, yet draw back
Awhile into the vortex of the world,—
Perchance to swell the horde which Death shall sweep
Like driven chaff away, 'mid stranger hands,—
Perchance by Pleasure's deadening opiate lulled
To false security,—or, by the fear
Of man constrained,—or moved to give your sins
A little longer scope,—beware! beware!
Lest that dread *almost* shut you out from Heaven!

Lydia H. Sigourney.

Miracles.

In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.—St. Mark xvi. 17.

Let not the skeptic's ignorance presume
To mark the limits of celestial power,
Nor weigh its greatness in the partial scale
Of little man's confined philosophy.
What! shall that God whose energies divine
Waked slumb'ring matter from the dark abyss
Of chaos, and with all-creative hand
Bade each minuter particle assume
Its form and character; shall He, whose arm
Upon the boundless ocean of the air
Launched yon stupendous continent of fire,
Round which, by laws immutable constrained,
The subject planets roll their pendent orbs;
Shall that great God, who, with all-seeing eye
And wisdom infinite, assigned its place
To each created atom; who arranged
And methodized by comprehensive rule,
In order beautiful, the harmonious whole;
Who, calling forth its active properties,
And blending all their excellence, produced

That miracle of miracles, this world ;—
Shall he be bounded by the narrow line
Of mortal action ? Cease, presumptuous man ;
Doubt not because thou canst not understand.
Thy circumscribed reason ne'er shall reach
The secret depths, or trace the hidden maze
Of heavenly councils : call thy truant thoughts
Back to their God, nor with fallacious art
Seek to mislead th' uncultivated mind
That asks of thee instruction : rather let
The passing wonders of thy Maker's works
Excite thine adoration and arouse
Thy sleeping faculties in hymns of praise :—
"Great Lord of Life ! to Thee I kneel, to Thee
Pour forth the warm effusions of a heart
Grateful for all Thy mercies : Lord, look down
Upon Thy servant, and, as once Thou deign'dst
To send Thy Spirit to conduct the steps
Of Israel's children through the pathless waste
To happier regions, so may'st Thou, O God,
Guide through this world, this wilderness of sin,
A hopeless wand'rer, and at last from death
Raise up his raptured soul to that high heaven,
Where, throned with Thee, the just shall ever live,
In endless peace and everlasting love."

William Rolland.

Christian Warfare.

Take unto you the whole armour of God.—Ephesians vi. 13.

Soldier, go, but not to claim
  Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure;
Dream not that the way is smooth,
  Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wistful eye of youth
  Where the sunny beam reposes;—
    Thou hast sterner work to do,
    Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee,
  Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
  While around thee chafes the billow;
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
  Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
  Brooks no moment of forsaking.

Sleep as on the battle-field,—
Girded—grasping sword and shield;
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done;
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying:
'Twas thy Lord the battle won,
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain and earth has vanished.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

The Song of the Redeemed.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, "Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. xix. 6.

Stand up before your God,
You army bold and bright,
Saints, martyrs, and confessors
In your robes of white;
The church below doth challenge you
To an act of praise;
Ready with mirth in all the earth
Her matin song to raise.

Stand up before your God,
In beautiful array,
Make ready all your instruments
The while we mourn and pray;
For we must stay to mourn and pray
Some prelude to our song;
The fear of death has clogged our breath
And our foes are swift and strong.

But ye, before your God,
Are hushed from all alarm,
Out through the grave and gate of death
Ye have passed into the calm;
Your fight is done, your victory won,
Through peril and toil and blood;
Among the slain on the battle-plain,
We buried ye where ye stood.

Stand up before your God,
Although we can not hear
The new song he hath taught you
With our fleshly ear,
Our bosoms burn that hymn to learn,
And from the church below,
E'en while we sing, on heavenward wing
Some happy souls shall go.

Ye stand before your God,
But we press onward still,
The soldiers of His army,
The servants of His will;
A captive band, in foreign land
Long ages we have been;
But our dearest theme and our fondest dream
Is the home we have not seen.

We soon shall meet our God,
The hour is wafting on,
The dayspring from on high hath risen,
And the night is spent and gone;

The light of earth, it had its birth,
And it shall have its doom;
The sons of earth they are few in birth,
But many in the tomb.

Henry Alford.

The Gospel of Peace.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the GOSPEL OF PEACE, and bring glad tidings of good things.—ROMANS x. 15.

WHILE to Bethlem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely infant
Quitted his divine abode?
"From that world, to bring to this
Peace, which of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Wherefore from his throne exalted
Came he on this earth to dwell,—
All his pomp an humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest purest bliss."

Why did he, the Lord Eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,—
He, who fashioned for his glory
Boundless immortality?

"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well, then, let us haste to Bethlem,—
Thither let us haste and rest:
For, of all Heaven's gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is Peace,—the sweetest, best.

John Bowring.

Charity.

1 Cor. xiii.

Though Cowper's zeal, though Milton's fire
Inspired my glowing tongue;
Though holier raptures woke my lyre
Than ever seraph sung;
Though faith, though knowledge from above
Mine ardent labors crowned;
Did I not glow with Christian love,
'Twere but an empty sound.

Love suffers long; is just, sincere,
Forgiving, slow to blame;
Friend of the good, she grieves to hear
An erring brother's shame.
Meek, holy, free from selfish zeal,
To generous pity prone,
She envies not another's weal
Nor triumphs in her own.

No evil, no suspicious thought,
She harbors in her breast;
She tries us by the deed we've wrought,
And still believes the best.

Love never fails; though knowledge cease,
Though prophecies decay,
Love, Christian love, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.

Here dimly through life's shadowy glass
We strain our infant eyes;
Soon shall the earthborn vapors pass,
And light unclouded rise;
Then Hope shall sink in changeless doom,
Then Faith's bright race be o'er,
But thou, eternal Love, shall bloom,
More glorious than before.

William Peter.

The Poor.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—1 Cor. xv. 19.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, can not pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers, so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days;
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her:—Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee:
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

James G. Percival.

Peace in Believing.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief.—HEBREWS iii. 12.

THE tree that yields our care and grief,
Is from a root of unbelief!
The pricking thorns, the arrows fierce,
Our spirit and our flesh to pierce—
The grafts that spoil our vineyard's fruit,
Are from that bitter evil root.

The branch that hangs with clustering woes—
The flag-staff of the prince of foes—
The tares that mar our golden sheaf,
All, all spring up from unbelief:
And Hope, the victim of Despair,
Points, dying, to the poison there.

But in Belief we've joy and peace,
Of faith and power a sweet increase;
From burning skies a cool retreat,
A shelter safe when tempests beat—
Fresh balm of Gilead for our grief—
For every wound a healing leaf.

Belief smooths down our thorny cares,
With shooting grain uproots the tares,
Our harp from off the willow takes
And every chord to music wakes,
Till Hope, laid icy in the tomb,
Springs up with life and beauty's bloom.

When night comes murky, drear, and damp,
Belief will feed and screen our lamp,
Upon our feet her sandals bind,
About our waist her girdle wind,
Then lend a staff, and lead the way,
'Till we walk forth to beaming day.

When all the fountains of the deep
Seem broken up o'er earth to sweep;
While billowy mountains toss our bark,
Belief's the dove, from out the ark,
Across the flood to stretch her wing,
And home the branch of olive bring.

Belief hath eyes so heavenly bright,
As on the cloud to cast their light,
'Till fair and glorious hues shall form
From drops and shades that robed the storm,
Bent o'er our world in peace, to show
God's covenant sign, his unstrung bow.

When through a dry and thirsty land
The pilgrim treads the desert sand,

Belief brings distant prospect near,
With fruit, and bowers, and fountains clear,
Where, when he strikes his tent, he'll be
An heir of immortality.

While Unbelief would ever bring
A chain about our spirit's wing,
Belief will plume it o'er the grave—
Above the swell of Jordan's wave—
To fly, nor droop, 'till gently furled
In that sweet home the spirit world.

Hannah F. Gould.

Blessed are the Dead.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.—Rev. xiv. 13.

Oh, how blessed are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have risen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart breakings.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor;
To you are chaunted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, oh Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

Henry W. Longfellow.

Of Many Martyrs.

Sing we the peerless deeds of martyred saints,
  Their glorious merits, and their portion blest;
Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
    The greatest and the best.

Them in their day the insatiate world abhorred,
  Because they did forsake it, Lord, for Thee;
Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
    Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

They trod beneath them every threat of man,
  And came victorious all torments through;
The iron hooks which piecemeal tore their flesh,
    Could not their souls subdue.

Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
  Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate;
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
    In patient virtue great.

What tongue those joys, O Jesus! can disclose,
Which for thy martyred saints thou dost prepare!
Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy, those
Who in thy glory share!

Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
Great Deity supreme, immortal King!
Grant us thy peace, grant us thy endless love
Through endless years to sing!

Breviary.

St. Andrew and his Cross.

O Holy Cross, on thee to hang
At Jesus' side and feel the sweet,
And taste aright each healing pang,
What saint, what virgin martyr e'er was meet?

Two only of His own found grace
The very death He died to die.
Joyful they rushed to thine embrace,
And angel choirs, half-envying, waited by.

Joyful they speed;—but how is this?
Why doubt they yet, in Jesus' power
To grasp their crown of hard-won bliss?
Well have ye fought; why faint in victory's hour?

Two brothers' hearts were they, the first
Who shone as stars in Jesus' band,
For thee in prayer and fasting nursed,
And bearing the dread Cross! from land to land.

And now, in wond'rous sympathy,
When thou art nearer, fain to draw
These who had yearned so long for thee,
Shrink from thy touch, and hide their eyes for awe.

He who denied—he dares not scale
With forward step thy holy stair.
Best for his giddy heart and frail,
In humblest penance to hang downward there.

And he that saintly elder meek,
Wont, of old time, to find and bring
Brother or friend with Christ to speak,
As worthier to behold the heart-searching King:—

Ah little brooked his lowly heart;
Such glorious crown should him reward.
He sought the way with duteous art,
To change his Cross, yet suffer with his Lord.

He sought and found; and now, where'er
St. Andrew's holy cross we see,
In royal banner blazoned fair,
Or in dread cipher, Holiest Name of Thee,

A martyred form we may discern,
There bound, there preaching: Image meet
Of One uplifted high, to turn
And draw to Him all hearts in bondage sweet.

And as we gaze, may He impart
The grace to bear what he shall send;
Yet stay the rash, self-pleasing heart,
Too forward with his cross our penal woe to blend.

Keble's Lyra Innocentium.

Fishers of Men.*

The boats are out and the storm is high;
We kneel on the shore and pray:
The star of the sea shines still in the sky,
And God is our help and stay.

The fishers are weak and the tide is strong,
And their boat seems slight and frail;
But St. Peter has steered it for them so long,
It would weather a rougher gale.

St. John, the beloved, sails with them too,
And his loving words they hear;
So with tender trust the boat's brave crew
Neither doubt, or pause, or fear.

He who sent them fishing is with them still,
And He bids them cast their net;
And He has the power their boat to fill;
So we know He will do it yet.

* Roman Catholic.

They have cast their nets again and again,
And now call to us on shore,
If our feeble prayers seem only in vain,
We will pray, and pray the more.

Though the storm is loud, and our voice is drowned
By the roar of the wind and sea,
We know that more terrible tempests found
Their ruler, O Lord, in Thee.

See, they do not pause, they are toiling on,
Yet they cast a loving glance
On the star above, and ever anon
Look up through the blue expanse.

O Mary, listen! for danger is nigh,
And we know thou art nearer then;
For thy Son's dear servants to thee we cry,
Sent out as fishers of men.

O watch—as of old thou didst watch the boat
On the Galilean lake,—
And grant that the fishers may keep afloat,
Till the nets, o'ercharged, shall break.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

Bathing.

The May winds gently lift the willow leaves;
Around the rushy point comes weltering slow
The brimming stream; alternate sinks and heaves
The lily-bud where small waves ebb and flow.
Willow-herb and meadow-sweet!
Ye, the soft gales that visit there,
From your waving censers greet
With stores of freshest, balmiest air.

Come bathe—the steaming noontide hour invites;
Even in your face the sparkling waters smile,—
Yet on the brink they linger, timid wights,
Pondering and measuring; on their gaze the while
Eddying pool and shady creek
Darker and deeper seem to grow:
On and onward still they seek,
Where sport may less adventurous show.

At length the boldest springs: but ere he cleave
The flashing waters, eye and head grow dim;
Too rash it seems, the firm green earth to leave:
Heaven is beneath him: shall he sink or swim?

Far in boundless depths, he sees
The rushing clouds obey the gale,
Trembling hands and tottering knees
All in that dizzy moment fail.

Oh mark him well, ye candidates of heaven,
Called long ago to float in Jesus' ark
Ye know not where:—His signal now is given,
The Lord draws near upon the waters dark:
To your eager ear the voice
Makes awful answer: Come to me:
Once for all now seal your choice,
With Christ to tread the boisterous sea.

And dare we come? since he, the trusted saint,
Who with one only shared the Lord's high love,
Shrank from the tossing gale, and scarce with faint
And feeble cry toward the Saviour strove.
Yes, we answer the dread call,
Not fearless, but in duteous awe;
He will stay the frail heart's fall,
His arm will onward, upward draw.

O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?
Spare not for him to walk the midnight wave,
On the dim shore at morn to seek him out,
Work 'neath his eye, and near him make thy grave.
So backslidings past, no more
Shall in the Heavens remembered be,
Faith the three denials sore
O'erpaying, with confessions three.

Strange power of mighty love! if heaven allow
Choice, on the restless waters rather found,
Meeting her Lord with Cross and bleeding brow
Than calmly waiting on the guarded ground!
Yearning ever to spring forth,
And feel the cold waves for his sake;—
All her giving of no worth,
Yet till she give, her heart will ache.

Lyra Innocentium.

The Sons of Zebedee.

Rash was the tongue, and unadvisedly bold,
Which sought, Salome, for thy favored twain
Above their fellows, in Messiah's reign
On right, on left, the foremost place to hold.
More rash, perhaps, and bolder that which told
Of power the Saviour's bitter cup to drain,
And passing stretch of human strength sustain
His bath baptismal. Lord, by thee enrolled
Thy servant, grant me thy almighty grace
My destined portions of thy grief to bear.
Even as thou wilt! But chiefly grant thy face
Within thy glory's realm to see, whene'er
Most meet thy wisdom deems; whate'er the place
It must be blest, for thou my God art there.

Mant.

Relics and Memorials.

The twelve holy men are gathered in prayer,
The psalm mounts on high, the Spirit descends;
A keen silent thrilling is round them in air,
A power from The Highest in thought and word blends.

They pass by the way, to sight poor and mean;
How glorious the train that streams to and fro!
The blind, dumb, halt, withered by hundreds are seen;
The prisoners of Satan lie chained where they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall
Of Christ's awful saint, to prayer as he speeds;
The mighty love-token all fiends shall appal;
A gale breathe from Eden assuaging all needs.

Or bring where they lie, Paul's girdle or vest:
One touch and one word; the pain fleets away,
The dark hour of frenzy is charmed into rest:—
The hem of Christ's garment all creatures obey.

Christ is in his saints: from Godhead made man,
The virtue goes out, the whole world to bless;
O'er lands parched and weary that shadow began
To spread from Saint Peter, and ne'er shall grow less.

John Keble.

Judas.

For him a waking blood-hound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, nor ever stayed
Till the betrayer's self it had betrayed.
Oft changed the place; in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind:
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

With that, a flaming brand a Fury catched
And shook and tossed it round in his wild thought;
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatched
With every star of hope; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of Him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heavens, too little for his store:

And when wild Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies;
Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes;
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,

With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That with infernal serpents all emboss'd
And torches quenched in blood, doth her stern son accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
  Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That now unable to endure their storms,
  "Fly, fly, (he cries,) thyself whate'er thou art,
Hell, hell, already burns in every part."
  So down into his torturer's arms he fell—

Yet oft he snatched and started as he hung:—
  So, when the senses half enslumbered lie,
The headlong body ready to be flung
  By the deluding fancy from some high
  And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from heaven it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every member creep.

Giles Fletcher.

The Mission of the Word.

All nations shall come and worship before thee.—Rev. xv. 4.

And thou, the Light of God's eternal Word,
Record and Spirit of the living Lord,
Hid and unknown from half the world, at length,
Rise like the sun, and go forth in thy strength!
Already towering o'er old Ganges' stream,
The dark pagoda brightens in thy beam;
And the dim eagles on the topmost height
Of Juggernaut, shine as in morning light!
Beyond the snows of savage Labrador
The ray pervades pale Greenland's wintry shore—
Proceed, auspicious and eventful day!
Banner of Christ, thy ample folds display!
Let Atlas shout with Andes, and proclaim
To earth, and sea, and skies, a Saviour's name,
Till angel voices in the sound shall blend,
And one Hosanna! from all worlds ascend!

William Lisle Bowles.

The Charmer.

We need some Charmer, for our hearts are sore
With longings for the things that may not be—
Faint for the friends that shall return no more
Dark with distress or wrung with agony.

"What is this life? And what to us is Death?
Whence came we? whither go? And where are those
Who in a moment stricken from our side
Passed to that land of shadow and repose.

"Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of time?

"Oh man divine!—on thee our souls have hung,
Thou wert our teacher in these questions high;
But ah! this day divides thee from our side,
And veils in dust thy kindly guiding eye."

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round
When Socrates lay calmly down to die—
So spake the Sage, prophetic of the hour
When Earth's fair Morning Star should rise on high.

They found him not, those youths of soul divine
Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore:
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting as before.

But years passed on—and lo! the charmer came
Pure, silent, sweet as comes the silver dew—
And the world knew him not—he walked alone
Encircled only by his trusting few.

Like the Athenian Sage—rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew nigh,
He drew his faithful few more closely round,
And told them that *His* hour was come to die.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then He said:]
My Father's house has mansions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with me there.—

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair:
Whither he went we know—the way we know,
And with firm step press on to meet Him there.

H. B. Stowe.

Christ Unchanging.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

Change is written everywhere,
  Time and death o'er all are raging;
Seasons, creatures, all declare,
  Man is mortal, earth is changing.

Life, and all its treasures, seem
  Like a sea in constant motion;
Thanks for an eternal beam
  Shining o'er the pathless ocean.

One by one, although each name
  Providence or death will sever;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
  Yesterday, to-day, forever.

"I Shall be Satisfied."

Not here!—not here! Not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near:
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
"I shall be satisfied;" but O! not here!

Not here where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words—"I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where all my wandering ending,
I then shall see thee, and "*shall be satisfied.*"

Bethlehem and Golgotha.

In Bethlehem He first arose,
From whom we draw our true life's breath;
And Golgotha at last He chose,
Where his cross broke the power of death.
I wandered from the Western strand,
Through strange scenes of the Morning Land;
But naught so great did I survey
As Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The ancient wonders of the world
Here rose aloft,—the mighty Seven;—
How was their transient glory hurled
To earth before the might of Heaven!
In passing, I could see and tell
How all their pride to ruin fell;
There stood in quiet Gloria
But Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Cease, Pyramids of Egypt, cease!
The toil that built you never gave
The faintest thought of Death's great peace,—
'Twas but the darkness of a grave.

Ye Sphinxes, in colossal stone!
The riddle Life an unread one
Ye left;—the answer found its way
Through Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Rocknabad, earth's Paradise,
Of all Shiraz the sweetest flower!
Ye Indian sea-coasts, breathing spice,
Where groves of palms in beauty tower;—
I see o'er all your sunny plains
The step of Death leave sable stains.
Look up! There comes a deathless ray
From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Cāāba! black stone of the waste,
At which the feet of half our line
Yet stumble. Stand, now, proudly braced
Beneath thy crescent's waning shine!
The moon before the sun grows dim;—
Thou art shattered by the sign of Him,
The conquering Prince. "Victoria!"
Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou, who in a shepherd-stable
An infant willingly hast lain,
And through the cross's pain wert able
To give the victory over pain!
To pride the manger seems disgrace;
The cross a vile, unworthy place;—

But what shall bring this pride down? Say?
'Tis Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The Magi kings went forth to see
The Shepherd Stock, the Paschal Lamb;
And to the cross on Calvary
The pilgrimage of nations came.
Amidst the battle's stormy toss,
All flew to splinters—but the Cross;
As East and West encamping lay
Round Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O, march we not in martial band,
But with the Spirit's flag unfurled!
Let us subdue the Holy Land
As Christ himself subdued the world.
Let beams of light on every side
Fly, like Apostles, far and wide,
Till all men catch the beams that play
O'er Bethlehem and Golgotha.

With pilgrim staff and scallop-shell
Through Eastern climes I sought to roam;
This counsel have I found to tell,
Brought from my travels to my home:—
With staff and scallop do not crave
To see Christ's cradle and his grave.
Turn inward! there in clearest day
View Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart! what helps it that the knee
Upon His natal spot is bended?
What helps it, reverently to see
The grave from which He soon ascended?
Let Him within thee find his birth;
And do thou die to things of earth,
And live Him;—let this be for aye
Thy Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Ruckert.

Who Cometh from Edom?

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?

I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me; for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.

And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold, therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me.

And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth.—ISAIAH lxiii, 1–6.

STRANGE scene of glory! am I well awake,
Or is 't my fancy's wild mistake?
It can not be a dream; bright beams of light
Flow from the visions fair, and pierce my tender sight.
No common vision this; I see
Some marks of more than human majesty.
Who is this mighty Hero, who,
With glories round his head, and terror in his brow?

From Bozrah, lo! He comes; a scarlet dye
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie
The blushes of the morning sky.
Triumphant and victorious He appears,
And honor in His looks and habit wears:
How strong He treads, how stately does He go!
Pompous and solemn is his pace,
And full of majesty as His face.
Who is this mighty Hero, who?

'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand;
I, who the powers of death, hell, and the grave
Have foiled with this all-conquering hand;
I, who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

Why wearest thou, then, this scarlet dye?
Say, mighty Hero, why?
Why do thy garments look all red,
Like them that in the wine-vat tread?

The wine-press I alone have trod,
That vast unwieldy frame, which long did stand
Unmoved, and which no mortal force could e'er command,
That ponderous mass I plied alone,
And with me to assist were none.
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of God;
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,
Concerned with what success I should go through
The work I undertook to do;
I put forth all my might,

And down the engine pressed; the violent force
Disturbed the universe, put nature out of course;
The blood gushed out in streams, and checkered o'er
My garments with its deepest gore;
With ornamental drops bedecked I stood,
And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.
The day, the signal day is come
When of my enemies I must vengeance take;
The day when Death shall have its doom,
And the dark kingdom with its powers shall shake.
Fate in her calendar marked out this day with red,
She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said:
"This day, if aught I can divine be true,
Shall, for a signal victory,
Be celebrated to posterity:
Then shall the Prince of Light descend,
And rescue mortals from th' infernal fiend;
Break through his strongest forts, and all his hosts subdue."
This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,
And wished she might the crowding year transpose;
So much she longed to have the scene display,
And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,
This great, this mighty One appears:
The faithful traveler, the sun,
Has numbered out the days, and the set period run.
I looked, and to assist was none;
My angelic guards stood trembling by,
But durst not venture nigh.

In vain, too, from my Father did I look
For help; my Father me forsook.
Amazed I was to see,
How all deserted me,
I took my fury for my sole support,
And with my single arm the conquest won.
Loud acclamations filled all heaven's court:
The hymning guards above,
Strained to an higher pitch of joy and love,
The great Jehovah praised, and his victorious Son.

John Norris.

The Sister of Lazarus.

"The master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN xi. 28.

A SISTER in anguish lamented the loved,
And tears of affliction streamed fast from her eyes,
As she bowed 'neath the rod of the chastener, and proved
That those blessings fly fast which most fondly we prize.
She mused on his virtues, his kindness, his truth;
On the love that was borne her, so fervent and high,
By the playmate of childhood, companion of youth,
Thus called, in the fresh bloom of vigour, to die!
And her burdened heart sunk in the darkness of woe,
As the fond sister mourned for the cherished laid low.

But listen! a voice by the mourner is heard,
Whose tones send the music of peace to her soul,—
The loud sobs of anguish are calmed at a word,
And the tear-drops no longer in bitterness roll—
Hope breaks through the gloom that enshrouds her sad heart,
And her bosom expands with a rapturous glow—
Firm faith and full trust, their best comforts impart
As she hears from the lips of the messenger flow
Sweet tidings to bid her deep agony flee—
"The Master is come, and he calleth for thee."

So, Christian! though gloomy and sad be thy days,
And the tempests of sorrow encompass thee black;
Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track:
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears flow
O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart riven,
Check thy sorrowing murmurs, thou lorn one, and know
That the chastened on earth are the purest for Heaven:
And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
That *the Master is coming—and coming to thee.*

S. D. Patterson.

The Legend of Mary Magdalen.

Her sins are forgiven her, for she loved much.

'T WAS within a Hebrew palace,
At a Hebrew ruler's board,
From her alabaster chalice
Magdalen the ointment poured.
Flowed the precious perfume, filling
All the air with odors sweet;
But, from Mary's eyes distilling,
Poured an offering far more meet,
Even than the costly ointment,
For the worn and weary feet
Of the Blessed Lord.

Humbly weeping, humbly loving,
Meek she kneeled beside Him there:
Tears and perfume both removing
With her soft and clustering hair.
But there wakened thoughts of evil
In the minds of the Eleven;
And the first to scorn or cavil
Spake the traitor—cursed of Heaven:—

"How much better were this ointment
"Vended, and the money given
"For the poor to share!"

Thus Iscariot reproved her,
Thinking, "'T would my store increase:"
But when Jesu looked, He loved her,
And He bade their murmurs cease;
Saying, "Not for her preferment
Doth she here before Me bow,
But it is for mine interment
That she thus anoints Me now."
Then he uttered, turning toward her
That divine and gentle brow,
"Mary, go in peace!"

Who doth love shall be forgiven;
He hath mercy still in store,
He hath boundless power in Heaven
Whom the cross on Calvary bore.
Earthly love may fail to ease you
When you bend in your despair,
But the gentle heart of Jesu
Turneth never from a prayer.
To the asker all is granted;
He who seeketh findeth there
Rest for evermore.

Lamb of God! Our Priest and Pastor,
Who canst bid all evil cease,
Ever dear and holy Master,
Make our feeble love increase!
So that when we seek Thee, owning
That Thy wrath is our deserts,
Thou, blest Lord, at whose atonement
All iniquity departs,
Mayest speak from thine enthronement
To our rent and wearied hearts,
"Sinner, go in peace!"

C. Donald M'Leod

The Woman of Samaria.

Oh! woman of olden Samaria! tell
What the stranger of Galilee said at the well,
When he paused and sat down all alone by the way
With his holy lips parched, like the summer-dried clay.

"I will tell you the words of the sage that I saw,
When I went to the well the bright waters to draw,
Where the stones are all mossy and green at the side,
And the life cheering drops so delightfully glide.

"Alone with my jar, ere the blaze of high noon,
With a caroling voice, and my feet all unshoon,
I leisurely sought for a draught of that wave,
Which the wisdom of Jacob our forefathers gave.

"At the verge of the fountain I stood, and, behold,
In silence there sate, with his garments in fold,
A Hebrew appareled in seamless attire,
Whose presence did reverence deeply inspire.

"He asked for a drink from the pitcher I bore,
Of that cool well of Jacob, delicious and pure;
And I gave it unready, yet gave it at last,
When the spell of his spirit had over me passed.

"He told then of waters that flowed for the soul,
From the rivers of life that unceasingly roll,
Gushing freely for all that would seek them in awe,
With faith in the might of the Lord and his Law.

"He said that salvation was born of the Jews,
With a blessed Messiah to love and to choose,
Whose feet with the brightness of Virtue were shod,
While Righteousness rose in the path that he trod.

"He said in these mountains our worship should cease,
And Jerusalem's glory forget to increase ;—
That GOD was a spirit to love and adore,
Whom in spirit and truth we must seek and implore.

"And, with countenance looking celestially calm,
Whence holiness beamed with a soul-given charm,
He said that himself was Messiah, foretold
By the Patriarchs, Seers, and the Prophets of old!

"Oh! beautiful sight, on those features to gaze,
As the holy announcement came forth, like the blaze
Of the horizon lights, to the zenith unfurled,
For the wonder and love of the sky-viewing world!

He told me of things that I deemed were unknown,
Save unto myself, and my chosen alone;
And all that I knew he perused in my soul,
As it bowed to his will, and confessed his control.

"'A Prophet! a Prophet!' I uttered amazed;
Our God for his people a Prophet hath raised!—
An angel hath come from the light of his throne,
The Messiah at last to the world to make known,

"O'erawed by his words, from his presence I turned.
With my heart full of thought, as it fluttered and burned
With the weight of the marvels I heard and I saw,
By that fountain whose waters I wandered to draw.

"Thus—thus have I told what so lately befell
My wondering soul at the Patriarch's well;
Where the waters, though sweet, as the wayfarer sips,
Yet sweeter the words of that bright Stranger's lips!"

Thank thee, oh! thank thee, Samarian friend!
For the God-light that did to thy vision descend—
For the words that thy spirit remembered and told,
And the sacred delight they for ever unfold!

Thomas G. Spear.

The Better Land.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—HEBREWS xi. 16.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! Oh where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green island of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
"Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams can not picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Felicia Hemans.

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